

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## HAYTIME.

BRIGHT is the sunshine, the breeze is quiescent —

Leaves whisper low in the Upper Thames reaches —

Blue is the sky, and the shade mighty pleasant,  
Under the beeches :

Midsummer night is, they say, made for dreaming ;

Better by far are the visions of daytime —  
Pink and white frocks in the meadow are gleaming —

Helping in Haytime !

Sunshine, I'm told, is productive of freckles —  
Sweet are the zephyrs, hay-scented and soothing —

Work is, of all things, so says *Mr. Eccles*,  
Good for the youthful !

Here let me lounge, 'neath the beeches umbrageous ;

Here let me smoke, let me slumber, or slay time,

Gazing with pleasure on toilers courageous —  
Working in Haytime !

Fair little *fancuses* in pretty pink dresses,  
Merry young maidens in saucy sun-bonnets,  
Dainty young damsels with hay in their tresses —

Worthy of sonnets !

Lazy the cattle are, red are the rowers,  
\* Making a toil of the sweet summer playtime ;

Hot are the hay-makers, weary the towers,  
Thirsty in Haytime !

Under the beach, round a flower-decked table,  
Pouring the cream out and crushing the berry,

Nina and Florence and Mary and Mabel  
Gladly make merry !

Laughing young laborers, doubtless judicious,  
Come for reward when they fancy it's pay-time ;

Splendid the cake is, the tea is delicious —  
Grateful in Haytime !

Punch.

## AT EVENTIDE.

STRETCH out thine hand to me across the waste ;  
Ah, dear lost friend, see how between us rolls  
An arid plain, where wander weeping souls,  
That seek for all the shadows they have chased,  
While sadly wandering, torn by dreads and fears,

Amid the mazes of life's weary years.

Stretch out thine hand, nor heed all that which lies

Between my living form and thy dead heart.

Help me to play alone my listless part,  
Wherein I see naught of those clear bright skies

We watched together, standing hand in hand,  
To see the sunset deck the darkling land.

That time has come again. I stand alone.  
The hills no more may glad my waking sight  
Save when between the darkness and the light,  
I close mine eyes and think ; then each grey stone,  
Each gentle hollow, each fair light and shade  
Are mine, imprinted where time cannot fade.

Then why not come and sit beside the fire,  
Make thyself known ! I would not ask for more,

Would not e'en question of that darksome shore,

Where I have lost thee, nor would I aspire  
To gaze within thine eyes. Let me but clasp  
Thine hand in mine ! I could not fear thy grasp.

Dear, thou art dead, yet wilt thou not return ?  
I do not fear thee, for I know thou'rt dead,  
Canst thou not feel this ? Leave thy quiet bed,  
And watch with me the drift-wood redly burn,  
Just as thou didst of old. 'Tis eventide,  
What keeps thee from thy old friend's fireside ?

I will not question more ; methinks thou'rt here,

Yearning to whisper of thy presence sweet.  
I will be still, perchance I'll hear thy feet  
Pause at my threshold, or thy whisper near.  
I will be still, for death is dumb, is dumb !  
Thou canst not speak, so I will feel thee come.

All the Year Round.

## AT REST.

AH, silent wheel, the noisy brook is dry,  
And quiet hours glide by  
In this deep vale, where once the merry stream  
Sang on through gloom and gleam ;  
Only the dove in some leaf-shaded nest  
Murmurs of rest.

Ah, weary voyager, the closing day  
Shines on that tranquil bay,  
Where thy storm-beaten soul has longed to be ;  
Wild blast and angry sea  
Touch not this favored shore, by summer blest,  
A home of rest.

Ah, fevered heart, the grass is green and deep  
Where thou art laid asleep ;  
Kissed by soft winds, and washed by gentle showers,  
Thou hast thy crown of flowers ;  
Poor heart, too long in this mad world opprest,  
Take now thy rest.

I, too, perplex'd with strife of good and ill,  
Long to be safe and still ;  
Evil is present with me while I pray  
That good may win the day ;  
Great Giver, grant me thy last gift and best,  
The gift of rest !

Good Words.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

From The Contemporary Review.  
LUTHER.\*

## PART II.

THE Reformation had risen out of the people; and it is the nature of popular movements, when the bonds of authority are once broken, to burst into anarchy. Luther no longer believed in an apostolically ordained priesthood; but he retained a pious awe for the sacraments, which he regarded really and truly as mysterious sources of grace. Zwingli in Switzerland, Carlstadt and others in Saxony, looked on the sacraments as remnants of idolatrous superstition. Carlstadt himself, "Arch-deacon of Orlamund," as he was called, had sprung before his age into notions of universal equality and brotherhood. Luther found him one day metamorphosed into "Neighbor Andrew," on a dungheap loading a cart. A more dangerous fanatic was Münzer, the parson of Allstadt, near Weimar. It was not the Church only which needed reform. The nobles had taken to luxury and amusement. Toll and tax lay heavy on their peasant tenants; as the life in the castle had grown splendid, the life in the cabin had become hard and bitter. Luther had confined himself to spiritual matters, but the spiritual and the secular were too closely bound together to be separated. The Allstadt parson, after much "conversation with God," discovered that he had a mission to establish the Kingdom of the Saints, where tyrants were to be killed, and all men were to live as brothers, and all property was to be in common. Property, like all else which man may possess, is a trust which he holds not for his own indulgence, but for the general good. This is a universal principle. Nature is satisfied with a very imperfect recognition of it, but if there is no recognition, if the upper classes, as they are called, live only for pleasure, and only for themselves, the conditions are broken under which human beings can live together, and society rushes into chaos. The rising spread, 1524-25. The demands actually set forward fell short of the Anabap-

tist ideal, and were not in themselves unreasonable. The people required to be allowed to choose their own pastors; an equitable adjustment of tithes, emancipation from serfdom, and lastly, liberty to kill game—a right for a poor man to feed his starving children with a stray hare or rabbit. Luther himself saw nothing in this petition which might not be wisely conceded. But Münzer himself made concession impossible. He raised an "army of the Lord." He marched through the country, burning castles and convents, towns and villages, and executing savage vengeance on the persons of the "Lord's enemies." It was the heaviest blow which Luther had received. His enemies could say, and say with a certain truth: "Here was the visible fruit of his own action." He knew that he was partly responsible, and that without him these scenes would not have been. The elector unfortunately was ill—mortally so. He died while the insurrection was still blazing. His brother John succeeded, very like him in purpose and character, and proceeded instantly to deal with the emergency. Luther hurried up and down the country, preaching to the people, rebuking the tyrannous counts and barons, and urging the Protestant princes to exert themselves to keep the peace. Philip of Hesse, the duke of Brunswick, and Count Mansfeldt collected a force. The peasants were defeated and scattered. Münzer was taken and hanged, and the fire was extinguished. It was well for Luther that the troops which had been employed were exclusively Protestant. The Catholics said scornfully of him: "He kindled the flame, and he washes his hands like Pilate." Had the army raised to quell the peasants belonged to Ferdinand, the Edict of Worms would have been made a reality.

The landgrave and the new elector, John, allowed no severe retaliation when armed resistance was over. They set themselves to cure, as far as possible, the causes of discontent. They trusted, as Luther did, to the return of a better order of things from "a revival of religion."

The peasant war had been the first scandal to the Reformation. The second,

\* *Luther's Leben*. Von JULIUS KOSTLIN. Leipzig, 1883.

which created scarcely less disturbance, was Luther's own immediate work. As a priest he had taken a vow of celibacy. As a monk he had again bound himself by a vow of chastity.

In priesthood and monkery he had ceased to believe. If the orders themselves were unreal, the vows to respect the rules of those orders might fairly be held to be nugatory. Luther not only held that the clergy, as a rule, might be married, but he thought it far better that they should be married; and the poor men and women, who were turned adrift on the breaking up of the religious houses, he had freely advised to marry without fear or scruple. But still around a vow a certain imagined sanctity persisted in adhering; and when he was recommended to set an example to others who were hesitating, he considered, and his friend Melancthon considered, that in his position, and with so many indignant eyes turned upon him, he ought not to give occasion to the enemy. Once, indeed, impatiently, he said that marry he would, to spite the devil. But he had scarcely a home to offer to any woman, and no leisure and no certainty of companionship. He was for some years after the Edict of Worms in constant expectation of being executed as a heretic. He still lived in the Augustinian convent at Wittenberg; but the monks had gone, and there were no revenues. He had no income of his own; one suit of clothes served him for two years; the elector at the end of them gave him a piece of cloth for another. The publishers made fortunes out of his writings, but he never received a florin for them. So ill-attended he was that for a whole year his bed was never made, and was mildewed with perspiration. "I was tired out with each day's work," he said, "and lay down and knew no more."

But things were getting into order again in the electorate. The parishes were provided with pastors, and the pastors with modest wages. Luther was professor at the University, and the elector allowed him a salary of two hundred gulden a year. Presents came from other quarters, and he began to think that it was not well for him to be alone. In Wittenberg there

was a certain Catherine von Bora, sixteen years younger than he, who had been a nun in a distant convent. Her family were noble, but poor; they had provided for their daughter by placing her in the cloister when she was a child of nine; at sixteen she had taken the vows; but she detested the life into which she had been forced, and when the movement began she had applied to her friends to take her out of it. The friends would do nothing; but in April, 1523, she and nine others were released by the people. As they were starving, Luther collected money to provide for them, and Catherine von Bora, being then twenty-four years old, came to Wittenberg to reside with the burgo-master, Philip Reichenbach. Luther did not at first like her; she was not beautiful, and he thought that she was proud of her birth and blood; but she was a simple, sensible, shrewd, active woman; she, in the sense in which Luther was, might consider herself dedicated to God, and a fit wife for a religious reformer. Luther's own father was most anxious that he should marry, and in a short time they came to understand each other. So on the 13th of June, 1525, a month after Münzer had been stamped out at Frankenhäusen, a little party was collected in the Wittenberg cloister — Bugenhagen, the town pastor, Professor Jonas, Lucas Cranach (the painter), with his wife, and Professor Apel, of Bamberg, who had himself married a nun; and in this presence Martin Luther and Catherine von Bora became man and wife. It was a nine days' wonder. Philip Melancthon thought his friend was undone; Luther himself was uneasy for a day or two. But the wonder passed off; in the town there was hearty satisfaction and congratulation. The new elector, John, was not displeased. The conversion of Germany was not arrested. Prussia and Denmark broke with Rome and accepted Luther's catechism. In 1526, at Torgau, the elector John, the landgrave, the dukes of Brunswick, Lüneberg, Anhalt, Mecklenburg, and Magdeburg, formed themselves into an evangelical confederacy. It was a measure of self-defence, for it had appeared for the moment as if the emperor

might again be free for a papal crusade. The French had been defeated at Pavia; Francis was a prisoner, and Christendom was at Charles's feet. But Francis was soon loose again. In the cross purposes of politics, France and the pope became allies, and the pope was the emperor's enemy. Rome was stormed by a German-Spanish army; and the emperor, in spite of himself, was doing Luther's work in breaking the power of the great enemy. Then England came into the fray, with the divorce of Catherine and the assertion of spiritual independence; and the Protestant States were left in peace till calmer times and the meeting of the promised council. In the midst of the confusion, Luther was able to work calmly on, ordering the churches, appointing visitors, or crossing swords with Erasmus, who looked on Luther much as the pope did — as a wild boar who had broken into the vineyard. Luther, however violent in his polemics, was leading meanwhile the quietest of lives. He had taken his garden in hand; he had built a fountain; planted fruit-trees and roots and seeds. He had a little farm; he bought threshing instruments, and learned to use the flail. If the worst came to the worst he found that he could support his family with his hands.

Again, in 1530, it seemed as if the emperor would find leisure to interfere. In the year before, he had made a peace with the pope and the French which, for the sake of Christendom and the faith, he hoped might be observed. The Turks had been under the walls of Vienna, but they had retreated with enormous loss, and seemed inclined at least to a truce. The Evangelicals began to consider seriously how far they might go in resistance should Charles attempt to coerce them into obedience. Luther, fiery as he was in the defence of the faith, refused to sanction civil war. A Christian must suffer all extremities rather than deny his God; but he might not fight in the field against his lawful sovereign. In worldly things the ruler was supreme, and the emperor was the ruler of Germany. The emperor, he said, had been chosen by the electors, and by their unanimous vote

might be deposed; but he would not encourage either the landgrave or his own elector to meet force by force in separate action. The question never rose in Luther's lifetime, but the escape was a near one. A Diet at Speyer, in 1526, had decided that each prince should rule his own dominions in his own way, pending the expected council. Charles's conscience would not allow him to tolerate a Lutheran communion if he could prevent it; but he, too, dreaded a war of religion, of which no one could foresee any issue save the ruin of Germany. He knew and respected Luther's moderation, and summoned the Diet to meet him again at Augsburg, in the spring of 1530, to discover, if possible, some terms of reconciliation. The religious order which had been established in Saxony was recognized even at Rome with agreeable surprise, and the legate who attended was said to be prepared with certain concessions. The elector John intended to have taken Luther to the Diet with him, but at Coburg a letter met him from the emperor, intimating that Luther, being under the ban of the empire, could not be admitted into his presence. The elector went forward with Melancthon and Jonas; Luther stayed behind in Coburg castle, to work at his translation of the Bible, and to compare the rooks and jackdaws, when they woke him in the morning, to gatherings of learned doctors wrangling over their sophistries.

We have seen him hitherto as a spiritual athlete. We here catch a glimpse of him in a softer character. His eldest boy, Hans, had been born four years before. From Coburg he wrote him perhaps the prettiest letter ever addressed by a father to a child: —

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little boy. I am pleased to see that thou learnest thy lessons well, and prayest well. Go on thus, my dear boy, and when I come home I will bring you a fine "fairing." I know of a pretty garden, where are merry children that have gold frocks, and gather nice apples and plums and cherries under the trees, and sing and dance, and ride on pretty horses with gold bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man of the place whose the garden was, and who

the children were. He said, "These are the children who pray and learn and are good." Then I answered, "I also have a son who is called Hans Luther. May he come to this garden and eat pears and apples and ride a little horse and play with the others?" The man said, "If he says his prayers, and learns, and is good, he may come; and Lippus and Jost may come,\* and they shall have pipes and drums and lutes and fiddles, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows." Then he showed me a smooth lawn in the garden laid out for dancing, and there the pipes and drums and crossbows hung. But it was still early and the children had not dined; and I could not wait for the dance. So I said, "Dear sir, I will go straight home and write all this to my little boy; but he has an aunt, Lene,† that he must bring with him." And the man answered, "So it shall be; go and write as you say." Therefore, dear little boy, learn and pray with a good heart, and tell Lippus and Jost to do the same, and then you will all come to the garden together. Almighty God guard you. Give my love to aunt Lene, and give her a kiss for me. — Your loving father,

MARTIN LUTHER.

The emperor meanwhile arrived at Augsburg on the 15th of June. Melancthon, who was eager for peace, had prepared a confession of faith, softening as far as possible the points of difference between the Evangelicals and the Catholics. It was laid before the Diet, and was received with more favor than Melancthon looked for even by Charles himself. Melancthon believed that spiritual agreement might be possible; Luther knew that it was impossible; but he did think that a political agreement might be arrived at; that the two creeds, which in so many essentials were the same, might be allowed to live side by side.

"Do not let us fall out," he wrote to Cardinal Albert. "Do not let us ruin Germany. Let there be liberty of conscience, and let us save our fatherland." Melancthon was frightened, and would have yielded much. Luther would not yield an inch. When no progress was made, he advised his friends to leave the Diet and come away. "Threats do not kill," he said. "There will be no war."

Luther understood the signs of the times. With the Turks in Hungary, and Henry VIII. and Francis in alliance, it was in vain that the pope urged violent measures. The Evangelical Confession was not accepted, and the emperor demanded submission. The landgrave re-

plied that if this was to be the way, he would go home and take measures to defend himself. Charles, taking leave of the elector, said sadly he had expected better of him; the elector's eyes filled with tears; but he answered nothing. The end, however, was as Luther expected. Ferdinand of Austria and the Duke of Bavaria agreed to prohibit the advance of the new doctrines in their own dominions. It was decided, on the other hand, among the Protestant princes, that the emperor's authority was limited, that resistance to unconstitutional interference was not unlawful, an opinion to which Luther himself unwillingly assented. The famous league of Schmalkald was formed for the general defence of spiritual liberty. Denmark held out a hand from a distance, and France and England courted an alliance, which would hold Charles in check at home. The emperor and even Ferdinand, who was the more bigoted of the two brothers, admitted the necessity to which they were compelled to yield. The united strength of Germany was barely sufficient to bear back the Turkish invasion, and the political peace which Luther anticipated was allowed to stand for an indefinite period.

Luther was present at Schmalkald, where he preached to the assembled representatives. On the day of the sermon he became suddenly and dangerously ill. His health had been for some time uncertain. He was subject to violent headaches and giddiness; he was now prostrated by an attack of "the stone," so severe that he thought he was dying. He had finished his translation of the Bible. It was now printed: a complete possession which he was able to bequeath to his countrymen. He conceived that his work was done, and life for its own sake had long ceased to have much interest for him. "At his age," he said, "with strength failing, he felt so weary, that he had no will to protract his days any longer in such an accursed world." At Schmalkald the end seemed to have come. Such remedies as then were known for the disease under which he was suffering were tried. Luther hated doctors; but he submitted to all their prescriptions. His body swelled. "They made me drink water," he said, "as if I was a great ox." Mechanical contrivances were employed, equally ineffectual, and he prepared to die. "I depart," he cried to his Maker, "a foe of thy foes, cursed and banned by thy enemy, the pope. May he, too, die under thy ban, and we both stand at thy

\* Melancthon's son Philip, and Jonas's son Jodocus.

† Great-aunt, Magdalen.

judgment bar on that day." The elector, the young John Frederick — the elector John, his father, was by this time gone — stood by his bed, and promised to care for his wife and children. Melancthon was weeping. Even at that supreme moment Luther could not resist his humor. "Have we not received good at the hand of the Lord," he said, "and shall we not receive evil? The Jews stoned Stephen; my stone, the villain, is stoning me."

But he had some years of precious life yet waiting for him. He became restless, and insisted on being carried home. He took leave of his friends. "The Lord fill you with his blessing," he said, "and with hatred of the pope." The first day he reached Tambach. The movement of the cart tortured him; but it effected for him what the doctors could not. He had been forbidden to touch wine. He drank a goblet notwithstanding. He was relieved, and recovered.

We need not specially concern ourselves with the events of the next few years. They were spent in correcting and giving final form to the translation of the Bible, in organizing the churches, in correspondence with the princes, and in discussing the conditions of the long-talked-of council, and of the terms on which the Evangelicals would consent to take part in it. The peace of Nuremberg seemed an admission that no further efforts would be made to crush the Reformation by violence, and Luther was left to a peaceful, industrious life in his quiet home at Wittenberg. A very beautiful home it was. If Luther's marriage was a scandal, it was a scandal that was singularly happy in its consequences. The house in which he lived, as has been already said, was the old cloister to which he had first been brought from Erfurt. It was a pleasant, roomy building on the banks of the Elbe, and close to the town wall. His wife and he when they married were both penniless, but his salary as professor was raised to three hundred gulden, and some small payments in kind were added from the University. The elector sent him presents. Denmark, the free towns, great men from all parts of Europe, paid honor to the deliverer of Germany with offerings of plate or money. The money, even the plate, too, he gave away, for he was profusely generous; and any fugitive nun or brother suffering for the faith never appealed in vain while Luther had a kreutzer. But in his later years his own modest wants were more than amply supplied. He bought a farm, with a house

upon it, where his family lived after his death. Katie, as he called his wife, managed everything; she attended to the farm, she kept many pigs, and doubtless poultry also. She had a fish-pond. She brewed beer. She had a strong ruling, administering talent. She was as great in her way as her husband was in his.

"Next to God's word," he said, "the world has no more precious treasure than holy matrimony. God's best gift is a pious, cheerful, God-fearing, home-keeping wife, to whom you can trust your goods, and body, and life. There are couples who neither care for their families, nor love each other. People like these are not human beings. They make their homes a hell."

The household was considerable. Five children were born in all. Hans, the eldest, to whom the letter from Erfurt was written, died early. Elizabeth, the next daughter, died also very young. There were three others; Magdalen, Martin, and Paul. Magdalen von Bora, Katie's aunt, the "Lene" of the letter from Coburg, lived with the family. She had been a nun in the same convent with her niece. For her Luther had a most affectionate regard. When she was dying, he said to her, "You will not die; you will sleep away as in a cradle, and morning will dawn, and you will rise and live forever."

Two nieces seem to have formed part of the establishment, and two nephews also. There was a tutor for the boys, and a secretary. A certain number of University students boarded in the house — lads perhaps of promise, in whom Luther had a special interest. To his children he was passionately devoted. He had no sentimental weakness; but the simple lightheartedness, the unquestioning confidence and trustfulness of children, was in itself peculiarly charming to him. Life when they came to maturity would bring its own sorrows with it. A few bright and happy years to look back upon would be something which could not afterwards be taken away. He refused boys and girls no kind of innocent enjoyment, and in all the anecdotes of his relations with them, there is an exquisite tenderness and playfulness. His Katie he was not above teasing and occasionally mocking. She was a Martha more than a Mary, always busy, always managing and directing with an eye to business. He was very fond of her. He never seriously found fault with those worldly ways of hers, for he knew her sterling worth; but he told her once he would give her fifty

gulden if she would read the Bible through. He called her his Herr Katie, and his Gnädige Frau. The farm which he had bought for her was called Zulsdorf. One of his last letters is addressed to "my heartily beloved housewife, Katherin Lady Luther, Lady Doctor, Lady Zulsdorf, Lady of the Pigmarket, and whatever else she may be."

The religious education of his children he conducted himself. His daughter Magdalen was an unusually interesting girl. A picture of her remains, by Cranach, with large, imaginative eyes. Luther saw in her the promise of a beautiful character; she died when she was fourteen, and he was almost heart-broken. When she was carried to her grave he said to the bearers: "I have sent a saint to heaven: could mine be such a death as hers, I would die at this moment." To his friend Jonas he wrote: "You will have heard that my dearest child is born again in the eternal kingdom of God. We ought to be glad at her departure, for she is taken away from the world, the flesh, and the devil; but so strong is natural love that we cannot bear it without anguish of heart, without the sense of death in ourselves. When I think of her words, her gestures, when she was with us and in her departing, even Christ's death cannot relieve my agony." On her tomb he wrote these lines:—

Hier schlaf Ich, Lenchen, Luther's Töchterlein,  
Ruh' mit all'n Heiligen in meine Bettlein.  
Die Ich in Sünden war geboren  
Hatt' ewig müssen seyn verlor'n,  
Aber Ich leb nu und habs gut  
Herr Christe erlost mit deinem Blut.

Here do I, Lena, Luther's daughter, rest,  
Sleep in my little bed with all the blest.  
In sin and trespass was I born,  
Forever was I thus forlorn;\*  
But yet I live, and all is good,  
Thou Christ redeem'st me with thy blood.

There is yet another side to Luther, and it is the most wonderful of all. We have seen him as a theologian; we have seen him standing up alone, before principalities and powers, to protest against spiritual lies; we have seen him at home in the quiet circle of his household. But there is nothing in any of this to show that his thoughts had travelled beyond the limits of a special set of subjects.

\* *Verloren*. — The word has travelled away from its original meaning.

But Luther's mind was literally world-wide; his eyes were forever observant of what was round him; at a time when science was scarcely out of its shell, Luther had observed nature with the liveliest curiosity; he had anticipated by mere genius the generative functions of flowers. Human nature he had studied like a dramatist. His memory was a museum of historical information, of anecdotes of great men, of old German literature and songs and proverbs. Scarce a subject could be spoken of on which he had not thought, and on which he had not something remarkable to say. His table was always open, and amply furnished. Melancthon, Jonas, Lucas, Cranach, and other Wittenberg friends, were constant guests. Great people, great lords, great ladies, great learned men, came from all parts of Europe. He received them freely at dinner, and being one of the most copious of talkers, he enabled his friends to preserve the most extraordinary monument of his acquirements and of his intellectual vigor. On reading the *Tischreden*, or table-talk of Luther, one ceases to wonder how this single man could change the face of Europe.

Where the language is itself beautiful, it necessarily loses in translation; I will endeavor, however, to convey some notion of Luther's mind as it appears in these conversations.

First, for his thoughts about nature.

A tree in his garden was covered with ripe fruit. "Ah," he said, "if Adam had not fallen, we should have seen the beauty of these things — every bush and shrub would have seemed more lovely than if it was made of gold and silver. It is really more lovely; but since Adam's fall men see nothing, and are stupider than beasts. God's power and wisdom are shown in the smallest flowers. Painters cannot rival their color, nor perfumers their sweetness; green and yellow, crimson, blue, and purple, all growing out of the earth. And we do not know how to use them to God's honor. We only misuse them; and we trample on lilies as if we were so many cows."

Katie had provided some fish out of her pond. Luther spoke of the breeding of fish, and what an extraordinary thing it was; he then turned to the breeding of other creatures. "Look at a pair of birds," he said. "They build a neat little nest, and drop their eggs in it, and sit on them. Then come the chicks. There is the creature rolled up inside the shell. If we had never seen such a thing before,

and an egg was brought from Calicut, we should be all wondering and crying out. Philosophers cannot explain how the chick is made. God spake, and it was done: he commanded, and so it was. But he acts in all his works rather comically. If he had consulted me, I should have advised him to make his men out of lumps of clay, and to have set the sun like a lamp, on the earth's surface, that it might be always day."

Looking at a rose, he said, "Could a man make a single rose, we should give him an empire; but these beautiful gifts of God come freely to us, and we think nothing of them. We admire what is worthless, if it be only rare. The most precious of things is nothing if it be common." In the spring, when the buds were swelling and the flowers opening, he exclaimed: "Praise be to God the Creator, that now in this time of Lent out of dead wood makes all alive again. Look at that bough, as if it was with child and full of young things coming to the birth. It is a figure of our faith—winter is death, summer is the resurrection."

He was sitting one night late out of doors. A bird flew into a tree to roost. "That bird," he said, "has had its supper, and will now sleep safe as the bough, and leave God to care for him. If Adam's fall had not spoilt us, we should have no care either. We should have lived without pain, in possession of all kinds of knowledge, and have passed from time into eternity without feeling of death." The old question was asked why God made man at all if he knew that he would fall? Luther answered, that a great lord must have vessels of dishonor in his house as well as vessels of honor. There were fellows who thought when they had heard a sermon or two, that they knew everything, and had swallowed the Holy Ghost feathers and all. Such wretches had no right to criticise the actions of God. Man cannot measure structures of God's building, he sees only the scaffolding. In the next life he will see it all; and then happy those who have resisted temptation.

Little Martin had been busy dressing a doll.

In Paradise [Luther said] we shall be as simple as this child who talks of God and has no doubts to trouble him. Natural merriment is the best food for children—and they are themselves the best of playthings. They speak and act from the heart. They believe in God without disputing, and in another life beyond the present. They have small intellect, but

they have faith, and are wiser than old fools like us. They think of heaven as a place where there will be eating and dancing, and rivers running with milk. Happy they! for they have no earthly cares, or fears of death or hell. They have only pure thoughts and bright dreams. Abraham must have had a bad time when he was told to kill Isaac. If he had given me such an order, I should have disputed the point with him.

"I never will believe," said the down-right Katie, "that God ordered any man to kill his child."

Luther answered: "God had nothing dearer to him than his own Son. Yet he gave him to be hanged on the cross. In man's judgment, he was more like a father to Caiaphas and Pilate than he was to Christ."

The religious houses were falling all round Germany. Bishops losing their functions were losing their lands; and the nobles and burghers who had professed the gospel were clutching at the spoils. Luther could see that ill had come with the change as well as good.

"Look," he said sadly, "at the time when the truth was unknown, and men were lost in idolatry, and trusted in their own works. There was charity without end or measure. Then it snowed with gifts. Cloisters were founded, and there were endowments for mass priests. Churches were splendidly decorated: how blind is the world become!" Drunkenness, too, seemed to spread, and usury and a thousand other vices. It tried his faith. Yet he said, "Never do we act better than when we know not what we are doing, or than when we think we are foolish and imprudent, for strength is perfected in weakness, and the best we do is what comes straight from the heart."

The Protestants were not the only spoilers of the Church lands. Some one told a story of a dog at Lintz, which used to go every day with a basket to the market to fetch meat. One day some other dogs set upon him. He fought for his basket as long as he could; but when he could fight no longer he snatched a piece of meat for himself and ran away with it. "There is Kaiser Karl," said Luther. "He defended the estates of the Church while it was possible. But when the princes all began to plunder, he seized a few bishoprics as his own share."

He had a high respect generally for princes and nobles, and had many curious anecdotes of such great persons. He did not think them much to be envied.

Sovereigns and magistrates, he said,

have weighty things to handle, and have a sore time with them. The peasant is happy; he has no cares. He never troubles himself as to how the world is going. If a peasant knew what the prince has to bear, he would thank God that made him what he was. But he sees only the outside splendor, the fine clothes, the gold chains, the castles and palaces. He never dreams of the perils and anxieties that beset the great while he is stewing his pears at his stove. The elector Frederick used to say that the peasant's life was the best of all; and that happiness grew less at each step of the scale. The emperor had most to trouble him, the princes next; the nobles had endless vexations, and the burghers, though better off than the nobles, had their trade losses and other worries. The peasant could watch his crops grow by the grace of God; he sold what was needed to pay his tithes and taxes, and lived in peace and quiet. The servants in a family are easier than their masters. They do their work, and eat and drink and sing. My people, Wolf and Dorothy (the cook), are better off than I and Katie. The higher you stand, the more your danger. Yet no one is content with his position. When the ass is well off, he begins to caper, and breaks his leg.

He loved and honored his own electors, but he thought they were over gentle. "The elector Frederick," he said, "was unwilling to punish evil doers. 'Yes,' he would say, 'it is easy to take a man's life; but can you give it him back?' The elector John would say, 'Ah! he will be a good fellow yet.' God is merciful, but he is also just. Yet Dr. Schurf, one of our best judges, and a Christian man, cannot hang a felon. The proverb says: 'A thief for the gallows, a monk for the cloister, and a fish for the water.'"

He had a respect for Pilate, and said some curious things about him. Pilate, he declared, was a better man than many Popish princes; he stood by the law, and would not have a prisoner condemned unheard. He tried many ways to release Christ; he yielded at last when he was threatened with Cæsar's anger. "After all," thought Pilate, "it is but one poor wretch who has no one to take his part; better he should die than the whole people become his enemies." "Why," it was asked, "did Pilate scourge Christ?" "Pilate," Luther said, "was a man of the world; he scourged him in the hope that the Jews would then be satisfied." When he asked Christ what truth was, he meant,

"what is the use of speaking truth in such a scene as this? Truth won't help you; look for some trick of law, and so you may escape." It was asked again what object the devil could have had in moving Pilate's wife to interfere. Luther seemed to admit that it was the devil. "The devil," he answered, "said to himself, I have strangled ever so many prophets and have gained nothing by it; Christ is not afraid of death; better he should live, and I shall perhaps be able to tempt him to do something wrong. The devil has fine notions in him; he is no fool."

He had a high opinion of the landgrave of Hesse, whom he called another Arminius. He has a wild country, he said, but he keeps fine order in it, and his subjects can go about their business in peace. He listens to advice; and when he has made up his mind he acts promptly, and has taught his enemies to fear him. If he would give up the gospel he might ask the emperor for what he pleased, and have it. At Augsburg he said to the bishops, "We desire peace. If you will not have peace and I must fall, be it so, I shall not fall alone." The Bishop of Saltzburg asked Archbishop Albert why he was so afraid of the landgrave, who was but a poor prince: "My dear friend," the archbishop replied, "if you lived as near him as I do, you would feel as I do."

Singular things were spoken at Augsburg. A member of the Diet — his name is not preserved — said, "If I was the emperor I would gather together the best of the Popish and Lutheran divines, shut them up in a house, and keep them there till they had agreed. I would then ask them if they believed what they had concluded upon and would die for it; if they said yes, I would set the house on fire and burn them there and then to prove their sincerity. Then I should be satisfied that they were right."

Luther always spoke well of Charles, in spite of the Edict of Worms.

Strange [he said] to see two brothers like him and Ferdinand so unlike in their fortunes. Ferdinand always fails. Charles generally succeeds. Ferdinand calculates every detail, and will manage everything his own way. The Emperor does plainly and simply the best that he can, and knows that in many things he must look through his fingers. The Pope sent him into Germany to root us out and make an end of us. He came, and by the grace of God he has left us where we are. He is not bloody. He has true imperial gentleness and goodness — and fortune comes to him in his sleep. He must have some good angel.

When the Emperor was once in France in

time of peace, he was entertained by the king at a certain castle. One night after supper a young lady of noble birth was, by the king's order, introduced into his room. The Emperor asked her who she was and how she came there. She burst into tears and told him. He sent her to her parents uninjured, with an escort and handsome presents. In the war which followed he levelled that castle to the ground.

The Antwerp manufacturers presented him with a tapestry once, on which was wrought for a design the battle of Pavia and the capture of the French king. Charles would not take it. He had no pleasure, he said, in the miseries of others.

Had Luther been a prophet he could have added another story still more to Charles's honor. Years after, when Luther was in his grave, and Charles, after the battle of Muhlberg, entered Wittenberg as a conqueror, some bishop pressed him to tear the body out of the ground and consign it to the flames. He replied: "I war not with the dead."

Much as Luther admired Charles, however, his own sovereigns had his especial honor.

The Elector Frederick [he said] was a wise, good man, who hated all display and lies, and falsity. He was never married. His life was pure and modest, and his motto, "Tantum quantum possum," was a sign of his sense. Such a prince is a blessing from God. He was a fine manager and economist. He collected his own taxes, and kept his accounts strictly. If he visited one of his castles, he was lodged as an ordinary guest and paid his own bills, that his stewards might not be able to add charges for his entertainment. He gathered in with shovels and gave out with spoons. He listened patiently in his council, shut his eyes, and took notes of each opinion. Then he formed his own conclusion; this and that advice will not answer, for this and that will come of it.

Elector John consulted me how far he should agree to the Peasants' Articles at the time of the rebellion. He said: "God has made me a prince and given me many horses. If there is to be a change I can be happy with eight horses or with four. I can be another man. He had six young pages to wait on him. They read the Bible to him for six hours every day. He often went to sleep, but when he woke he had always some good text in his mouth. At sermon he took notes in a pocket-book. Church government and worldly government were well administered. The Emperor had only good to say of him. If his brother and he could have been cast into a single man, they would have made a wonder between them. The Elector John had a strong frame and a hard death. He roared like a lion.

John Frederick (reigning elector in the latter part of Luther's life), though he hates untruth

and loose living, is too indulgent. He fears God and has his five wits about him. God long preserve him. You never hear an unchaste or dishonorable word come out of his lips. One fault he has; he eats and drinks too much. Perhaps so big a body requires more than a small one. Otherwise he works like a donkey; and, drink what he will, he always reads the Bible before he sleeps.

Luther hated lies as heartily as the elector. "Lies," he said, "are always crooked like a snake, which is never straight whether still or moving — never till it is dead — then it hangs out straight enough." But he was against violence, even to destroy falsehood. "Popery," he said, "can neither be destroyed by the sword, nor sustained by the sword; it is built on lies, it stands on lies, and can only be overthrown by truth. I like not those who go hotly to work. It is written, preach and I will give thee power. We forget the preaching, and would fly to force alone."

He much admired soldiers, especially if besides winning battles they knew how to rule afterwards, like Augustus and Julius Cæsar.

When a country has a good prince over it, all goes well. Without a good prince things go backwards like a crab, and councillors, however many, will not mend them. A great soldier is the man; he has not many words; he knows what men are, and holds his tongue; but when he does speak, he acts also. A real hero does not go about his work with vain imaginations. He is moved by God Almighty, and does what he undertakes to do. So Alexander conquered Persia, and Julius Cæsar established the Roman Empire. The Book of Judges shows what God can do by a single man, and what happens when God does not provide a man. Certain ages seem more fruitful in great men than others. When I was a boy there were many. The Emperor Maximilian in Germany, Sigismund in Poland, Ladislaus in Hungary, Ferdinand, Emperor Charles's grandfather, in Spain — pious, wise, noble princes. There were good bishops too, who would have been with us had they been alive now. There was a Bishop of Wurzburg who used to say, when he saw a rogue, "To the cloister with you. Thou art useless to God or man." He meant that in the cloister were only hogs and gluttons, who did nothing but eat, and drink, and sleep, and were of no more profit than as many rats.

Luther knew that his life would be a short one. In his later days he compared himself to a knife from which the steel has been ground away, and only the soft iron left. The princess elector said one evening to him: "I trust you have many days before you. You may live forty

years yet, if God wills." "God forbid," Luther answered. "If God offered me paradise in this world for forty years I would not have it. I would rather my head was struck off. I never send for doctors. I will not have my life made miserable, that doctors may lengthen it by a twelvemonth."

The world itself, too, he conceived to be near its end. The last day he thought would be in some approaching Lent, on a ruddy morning when day and night were equal.

The thread is unravelled out, and we are now visibly at the fringe. The present age is like the last withered apple hanging on the tree. Daniel's four empires — Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome — are gone. The Roman Reich lingers; but it is the "St. John's drink" (the stirrup cup) and is fast departing. Signs in Heaven foretell the end. On earth there is building and planting and gathering of money. The arts are growing as if there was to be a new start, and the world was to become young again. I hope God will finish with it. We have come already to the White Horse. Another hundred years and all will be over. The Gospel is despised. God's word will disappear for want of any to preach it. Mankind will turn into Epicureans and care for nothing. They will not believe that God exists. Then the voice will be heard "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

Some one observed that when Christ came there would be no faith at all on the earth, and the gospel was still believed in that part of Germany.

"Tush," he said, "it is but a corner. Asia and Africa have no gospel. In Europe, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Hungarians, French, English, Poles have no gospel. The small electorate of Saxony will not hinder the end."

I can but gather specimens here and there out of the four closely printed volumes of these conversations. There is no such table-talk in literature, and it ought to be completely translated. I must take room for a few more illustrations. Luther was passionately fond of music. He said of it:—

Music is one of the fairest of God's gifts to man; Satan hates music because it drives away temptation and evil thoughts. The notes make the words alive. It is the best refreshment to a troubled soul; the heart as you listen recovers its peace. It is a discipline too; for it softens us and makes us temperate and reasonable. I would allow no man to be a school-master who cannot sing, nor would I let him preach either.

And again:—

I have no pleasure in any man who, like the fanatics, despises music. It is no invention of ours. It is a gift from God to drive away the devil and make us forget our anger and impurity and pride and evil tempers. I place music next to theology. I can see why David and all the saints put their divinest thoughts into song.

Luther's own hymns are not many; but the few which he composed are jewels of purest water. One of them, the well-known

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,

remains even in these days of rationalism the national psalm of Germany. In the last great war the Prussian regiments went into battle chanting it.

Though no one ever believed more intensely in the inspiration of the Bible, he was no worshipper of the mere letter — for he knew that over a large part of scripture the original text was uncertain. In translating he trusted more to instinctive perception than to minute scholarship. He said:—

I am no Hebraist according to grammar and rules. I do not let myself be tied, but go freely through. Translation is a special gift and grace. A man may know many languages yet be unable to render one into another. The authors of the Septuagint were not good Hebrew scholars; St. Jerome was better; but indeed after the Babylonish captivity the language itself was corrupted. If Moses and the prophets rose again they would not understand the words which are given as theirs. When we were translating I gave my assistants these rules:—

1. Attend to the grammar, but remember
2. Holy Scripture speaks of the words and acts of God.
3. Prefer always in translating the Old Testament a meaning consistent with the New.

He could be critical too, in his way. His objections to the Epistle of St. James are well known. He says of another book: "The story of Jonah is more incredible than any poet's fable. If it were not in the Bible I should laugh at it. He was three days in the belly of a great fish; why, the fish would have digested him in three hours, and converted him into its own flesh and blood. The miracle of the Red Sea was nothing to this. The sequel too, is so foolish — when he is released he begins to rave and expostulate, and make himself miserable about a gourd. It is a great mystery."

He shared in many of the popular superstitions. He believed in the reality of witchcraft, for instance. The devil he was convinced was personally present — per-

haps omnipresent, doing every kind of mischief, and had many times assaulted himself. Many things might thus happen of a strange kind through the devil's agency. Nor was he quick to recognize new scientific discoveries.

"Modern astronomers," he said, "pretend that the earth moves, and not the sun and the firmament—as in a carriage or a boat we seem to be motionless ourselves, while the trees and banks sweep past us. These clever fellows will believe nothing old, and must have their own ideas. The Holy Scripture says, Joshua bade the sun stand still, not the earth."

But his powerful sense and detestation of falsehood gave him an instinctive insight into the tricks of charlatans. He regarded magic as unmixed imposture. He told a story of a Duke Albert of Saxony, to whom a Jew once offered a wonderful gem engraved with strange characters, alleging that it would make the wearer proof against cold steel and gunshot. "I will try it first on thee," the duke said. He took the Jew out of doors with the gem on his neck, and ran his sword through him. "So it would have been with me," he said, "if I had trusted thee."

Astrology, the calculation of a man's fortunes from the place of the planets among the stars, was an accepted science. Erasmus might doubt, but Erasmus was almost alone in a world of believers. One other doubter was Luther, much to the scandal of his friend Melancthon, with whom it was an article of faith. Melancthon showed him the nativity of Cicero.

I have no patience with such stuff [he said]. Let any man answer this argument. Esau and Jacob were born of the same father and mother, at the same time, and under the same planets, but their nature was wholly different. You would persuade me that astrology is a true science. I shall not change my opinion. I am bachelor, master, and have been a monk. But the stars did not make me either one or the other. It was my own shame that I was a monk, and grieved and angered my father. I caught the Pope by his hair, and he caught me by mine. I married a runaway nun, and begat children with her. Who saw that in the stars? Who foretold that? It is like dice-throwing. You say you have a pair of dice that always throw thrice six—you throw two, three, four, five, six, and you take no notice. When twice six turns up, you think it proves your case. The astrologer is right once or twice, and boasts of his art. He overlooks his mistakes. Astronomy is very well—astrology is naught. The example of Esau and Jacob proves it.

They prophesied a flood—another deluge in 1524. No deluge came, though Burger-master Hohndorf brought a quarter-cask of beer into his house to prepare for it. In 1525 was the peasant's insurrection; but no astrologer prophesied this. In the time of God's anger there was a conjunction of sin and wrath, which had more in it than conjunctions of the planets.

I must leave these recorded sayings, pregnant as they are, and full of character as they are.

I will add but one more. Luther said: "If I die in my bed it will be a grievous shame to the pope. Popes, devils, kings, and princes have done their worst to hurt me; yet here I am. The world for these two hundred years has hated no one as it hates me. I in turn have no love for the world. I know not that in all my life I have ever felt real enjoyment. I am well tired of it. God come soon and take me away."

I return to what remains to be told of Luther's earthly life. The storm which threatened Germany hung off till he was gone. The house of Saxony was divided into the ducal or Albertine line and the electoral or Ernestine line. Duke Henry dying was succeeded by the young Maurice, so famous afterwards. Maurice was a Protestant like the elector; but he was intriguing, ambitious, and unscrupulous. Quarrels broke out between them, which a few years later brought the elector to ruin. But Luther, as long as he lived, was able to keep the peace.

The Council of Trent drew near. After the peace with France, in 1544, the pope began again to urge the emperor to make an end of toleration. The free council once promised, at which the Evangelical doctors were to be represented, had been changed into a council of bishops, to be called and controlled by the pope, before which the Evangelicals could be admitted only to plead as criminals. How such a council would decide was not doubtful. The Protestant princes and theologians declined the position which was to be assigned to them, and refused to appear. It was but too likely that, if the peace continued, the combined force of the Empire and of France would be directed against the league of Schmalkald, and that the league would be crushed after all in the unequal struggle.

Luther saw what was coming, and poured out his indignation in the fiercest of his pamphlets. The "aller heiligst," "most holy" pope, became "aller höllisch," most hellish. The pretended "free

council" meant death and hell, and Germany was to be bathed in blood. "That devilish Popery," he said, "is the last worst curse of the earth, the very worst that all the devils, with all their might, can generate. God help us all. Amen." Very dreadful and unbecoming language, the modern reader thinks, who has only known the wolf disguised in an innocent sheepskin. The wolf is the same that he was: and if ever he recovers his power, he will show himself unchanged in his old nature. In Luther's time there was no sheepskin; there was not the smallest affectation of sheepskin. The one passionate desire of the see of Rome, and the army of faithful prelates and priests, was to carry fire and sword through every country which had dared to be spiritually free.

In the midst of these prospects Luther reached his last birthday. He was tired and sick at heart, and sick in body. In the summer of 1545 he had wished to retire to his farm, but Wittenberg could not spare him, and he continued regularly to preach. His sight began to fail. In January, 1546, he began a letter to a friend, calling himself "old, spent, worn, weary, cold, and with but one eye to see with." On the 28th of that month, he undertook a journey to Eisleben, where he had been born, to compose a difference between the Counts Mansfeldt. He caught a chill on the road, but he seemed to shake it off, and was able to attend to business. He had fallen into the hands of lawyers, and the affair went on but slowly. On the 14th of February he preached, and, as it turned out, for the last time, in Eisleben Church. An issue in the leg, artificially kept open to relieve his system, had been allowed to heal for the want of proper attendance. He was weak and exhausted after the sermon. He felt the end near, and wished to be with his family again. "I will get home," he said, "and get into my coffin, and give the worms a fat doer."

But wife and home he was never to see again, and he was to pass from off the earth at the same spot where his eyes were first opened to the light. On the 17th he had a sharp pain in his chest. It went off, however; he was at supper in the public room, and talked with his usual energy. He retired, went to bed, slept, woke, prayed, slept again; then at midnight called his servant. "I feel strangely," he said; "I shall stay here; I shall never leave Eisleben." He grew restless, rose, moved into an adjoining

room, and lay upon a sofa. His two sons were with him, with his friend Jonas. "It is death," he said; "I am going: 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

Jonas asked him if he would still stand by Christ and the doctrine which he had preached. He said, "Yes." He slept once more, breathing quietly, but his feet grew cold. Between two and three in the morning he died.

The body lay in state for a day; a likeness was taken of him before the features changed. A cast from the face was taken afterwards; the athlete expression gone, the essential nature of him — grave, tender, majestic — taking the place of it, as his own disturbed life appears now when it is calmed down into a memory. The elector, John Frederick, hurried to see him; the Counts Mansfeldt ended beside his body the controversies which he had come to compose. On the 20th he was set on a car to be carried back to Wittenberg, with an armed escort of cavalry. The people of Eisleben attended him to the gates. The church bells tolled in the villages along the road. Two days later he reached his last resting-place at Wittenberg. Melancthon cried after him as they laid him in the grave: "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

His will, which is extremely characteristic, had been drawn by himself four years before. He left his wife well provided for, and because legal proceedings might be raised upon his marriage, he committed her to the special protection of the elector. Children, friends, servants, were all remembered.

Finally [he said] seeing I do not use legal forms, I desire all men to take these words as mine. I am known openly in Heaven, on Earth, and in Hell also; and I may be believed and trusted better than any notary. To me a poor, unworthy, miserable sinner, God, the Father of mercy, has entrusted the Gospel of His dear Son, and has made me therein true and faithful. Through my means many in this world have received the Gospel, and hold me as a true teacher, despite of popes, emperors, kings, princes, priests, and all the devil's wrath. Let them believe me also in the small matter of my last will and testimony, this being written in my own hand, which otherwise is not unknown. Let it be understood that here is the earnest, deliberate meaning of Doctor Martin Luther, God's notary and witness in his Gospel, confirmed by his own hand and seal. — January 6, 1542.

Nothing remains to be said. Philosophic historians tell us that Luther suc-

ceeded because he came in the fulness of time, because the age was ripe for him, because forces were at work which would have brought about the same changes if he had never been born. Some changes there might have been, but not the same. The forces computable by philosophy can destroy, but they cannot create. The false spiritual despotism which dominated Europe would have fallen from its own hollowness. But a lie may perish, and no living belief may rise again out of the ruins. A living belief can rise only out of a believing human soul, and that any faith, any piety, is alive now in Europe, even in the Roman Church itself, whose insolent hypocrisy he humbled into shame, is due in large measure to the poor miner's son who was born in a Saxon village four hundred years ago.

J. A. FROUDE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE WIZARD'S SON.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. FORRESTER was most willing to put Hamish's services, or anything else she possessed, at Lord Erradeen's service. "It is just the most sensible thing you could do," she said. "They will be very late, and half of them will have colds. Oona, you will just let Hamish know. But, Lord Erradeen, since you are here, will you not stay a little longer, and get your dinner before you go? No? Well, I will not say another word if it is not convenient. Just tell Hamish, Oona, my dear."

Walter followed her so closely when she went upon that mission that she could not escape him. They stood together in the grey of the evening light, upon the beach, while Hamish prepared the boat, Oona's mind in a tumult of apprehension and resistance, with an insidious softness behind, which she felt with despair was betraying her over again into the folly she had surmounted. He had not the same commotion in his mind; his thoughts were altogether bent on what was coming. She was his confidant, his support in it, though he had not said a word to her. He took her into account in the matter as a man takes his wife. She was a part of it all, though it was not of her he was thinking. He spoke after a moment in a tone full of this curious claim, which seemed to him at the moment incontestable.

"It will never come to an end unless

you stand by me," he said. "Everything can be done if you will stand by me."

Oona, in her strange agitation, felt as if she had surprised him thinking aloud; as if he did not address her, but merely repeated to himself a fact which was beyond dispute. He said no more, neither did she make any reply. And once more, as if in repetition of the former scene, he turned round as he stepped into the heavy boat, and looked back upon her as Hamish began to ply the oars. She stood and watched him from the beach; there was no wave of the hand, no word of farewell. They were both too much moved for expression of any kind; and everything was different though the same. On the former occasion he had been escaping, and was eager to get free, to get out of reach of an oppression he could not bear; but now was going to his trial, to meet the tyrant, with a certainty that escape was impossible. And for Oona there had been the sensation of a loss unspeakable—a loss which she could neither confess nor explain, which took the heart out of her life; whereas now there was a re-awakening, a mysterious beginning which she could not account for or understand. She stood on the beach till the boat had disappeared, and even till the sound of the oars died out in the distance, in an agitation indescribable. The first despairing sense that the influence against which she had struggled was regaining possession of her, was for the moment lost in an overwhelming tide of sympathy and response to the claim he had made. He had no right to make that claim, and it was intolerable that she should have so little power over herself as to yield to it, and allow herself to become thus the subject of another. Her pride, her reason, had been in arms against any such thralldom; but for this moment Oona was again overcome. She had no power of resistance—her very being seemed to go with him, to add itself to his, as he disappeared across the darkling loch. Stand by him! The words went breathing about her in the air, and in her mind, and everything in her echoed and responded—Stand by him! Yes, to the death. This excitement failed in a sudden chill and shiver, and sense of shame which covered her face with blushes which no one saw, as startled by the gathering dark, and the sound of Mysie's step hastening down to the landing-place with a shawl for her, Oona turned again and ran swiftly up the winding way.

The loch was like lead, with a ripple of mysterious changing lights in the darkness, as the boat shot round under the shadow of Kinloch-houran. All was as still as in a world of dreams, the sound of Hamish's oars in their regular sweep alone breaking the intense stillness. Here and there among the trees a light glimmered on the shore—a window of the Manse—the door of the little inn standing open and betraying the ruddy warmth within: but no sound near enough to interrupt the stillness. Walter felt as though he parted with a certain protection when he stepped upon the bit of mossed causeway which served as a landing pier to the old castle, and, bidding Hamish good-night, stood alone in that solitude and watched the boatman's red shirt, which had forced its color even upon the twilight, grow black as it disappeared. The sensation in Walter's mind had little akin with that panic and horror which had once overwhelmed him. No doubt it was excitement that filled up his whole being, and made the pulses throb in his ears, but it was excitement subdued; and all he was conscious of was a sort of saddened expectation—a sense of a great event about to take place which he could not elude or stave off—a struggle in which he might be worsted. "Let not him that putteth on his armor boast himself like him that putteth it off." He did not know what might happen to him. But the tremors of his nervous system, or of his agitated soul, or of his physical frame—he could not tell which it was—were stilled. He was intensely serious and sad, but he was not afraid.

Symington, who had been in waiting, listening for his master's return, opened the door and lighted him up the spiral stairs. The room was already lighted and cheerful, the curtains drawn, the fire blazing brightly.

"The days are creeping in," he said, "and there's a nip in the air aneath thae hills—so I thought a fire would be acceptable." In fact the room looked very comfortable and bright, not a place for mysteries. Walter sat down between the cheerful fire and the table with its lights.

There is often at the very crisis of fate a relaxation of the strain upon the mind—a sudden sense as of peril over, and relief. Thus the dying will often have a glimmer in the socket, a sense of betterness and hope before the last moment. In the same way a sensation of relief came on Walter at the height of his expectation. His mind was stilled. A feeling

without any justification, yet grateful and consoling, came over him, as if the trial were over, or at least postponed—as if something had intervened for his deliverance. He sat and warmed himself in this genial glow, feeling his pulses calmed and his mind soothed—he could not tell how. How long or how short the interval of consolation was, if a few minutes only, or an hour, or half a lifetime, he could not tell. He was roused from it by the sound of steps in the corridor outside. It was a passage which ended in nothing—in the gloom of the ruinous portion of the house—and consequently it was not usual to hear any sound in it, the servants invariably approaching Lord Erradeen's rooms by the stair. On this occasion, however, Walter, suddenly roused, heard some one coming from a distance with steps which echoed into the vacancy as of an empty place, but gradually drawing nearer, sounding, in ordinary measure, a man's footstep, firm and strong, but not heavy, upon the corridor outside. Then the door was opened with the usual click of the lock and heavy creak with which it hung upon its hinges. He rose up, scarcely knowing what he did.

"You examined everything last night to find a secret passage," said the new comer with a humorous look, "which indeed might very well have existed in a house of this date. There was actually such a passage once existing, and connected with a secret room which I have found useful in its time. But that was in another part of the house, and the age of concealments and mysteries—of that kind—is past. Won't you sit down?" he added pleasantly. "You see I put myself at my ease at once."

Walter's heart had given such a bound that the sensation made him giddy and faint. He stood gazing at the stranger, only half comprehending what was happening. All that happened was natural and simple in the extreme. The visitor walked round the table to the other side of the fire, and moving the large chair which stood there into a position corresponding to Walter's seated himself in the most leisurely and easy way. "Sit down," he repeated after a moment, more peremptorily, and with almost a tone of impatience. "We have much to talk over. Let us do it comfortably, at least."

"I can have nothing to talk over," said Walter, feeling that he spoke with difficulty, yet getting calm by dint of speaking, "with an undesired and unknown visitor."

The other smiled. "If you will think of it you will find that I am far from unknown," he said. "No one can have a larger body of evidence in favor of his reality. What did that poor little woman in Edinburgh say to you?"

"I wonder," cried Walter, unconscious of the inconsistency, "that you can permit yourself to mention her name."

"Poor little thing," he replied, "I am sincerely sorry for her. Had I foreseen what was going to happen I should have guarded against it. You may tell her so. Everything that is subject to human conditions is inconsistent and irregular. But, on the whole, taking life altogether, there is not so much to be regretted. Probably she is happier *there* than had she embarked, as she was about to do, in a struggle with me. Those who contend with me have not an easy career before them."

"Yet one day it will have to be done," Walter said.

"Yes. You consent then that I am not unknown, however undesired," the stranger said, with a smile. He was so entirely at his ease, at his leisure, as if he had hours before him, that Walter, gazing in an impatience beyond words, felt the hopelessness of any effort to hurry through the interview, and dropped into his seat with a sigh of reluctance and despair.

"Who are you?" he cried; "and why, in the name of God, do you thus torment and afflict a whole race?"

"The statement is scarcely correct. I was a Highland youth of no pretension once, and you are supposed to be Lord Erradeen, a Scotch earl and an English peer. That is what my tormenting and afflicting have come to, with many solid acres and precious things besides. Very few families of our antiquity have even survived these centuries. Not one has grown and increased to the point at which we stand. I see a great addition within our reach now."

"And what good has it all done?" Walter said. "They say that my predecessor was a miserable man, and I know that I — since this elevation, as you think it — have been —"

"Good for nothing. I allow it fully. What were you before? Equally good for nothing; consuming your mother's means, opposing her wishes, faithful to no one. My friend, a man who sets himself against me must be something different from that."

To this Walter made no reply. He

could not be called penitent for the folly of his life; but he was aware of it. And he did not attempt to defend himself. He was entirely silenced for the moment: and the other resumed.

"I have always felt it to be probable that some one capable of resistance might arise in time. In the mean time all that has happened has been gain, and my work has been fully successful. It would rather please me to meet one in the course of the ages who was fit to be my conqueror, being my son. It is a contingency which I have always taken into consideration. But it is not likely to be you," he said, with a slight laugh. "I shall know my victor when he comes."

"Why should it not be I? If it be enough to hate this tyrannical influence, this cruel despotism —"

"As you have hated every influence and every rule all your life," said the other with a smile. "That is not the sort of man that does anything. Do you think it is agreeable to me to be the progenitor of a race of nobodies? I compensate myself by making them great against their will — the puppets! I allow you to wear my honors out of consideration to the prejudices of society: but they are all mine."

"It was not you, however, who got them," said Walter. "Can a grandfather inherit what was given to his descendants?"

"Come," said the stranger, "you are showing a little spirit — I like that better. Let us talk now of the immediate business in hand. You have something in your power which I did not foresee when I talked to you last. Then there were few opportunities of doing anything — nothing in your range that I had observed, but to clear off incumbrances, which, by the way, you refused to do. Now a trifling exertion on your part —"

"You mean the sacrifice of my life."

The stranger laughed — this time with a sense of the ludicrous which made his laugh ring through the room with the fullest enjoyment. "The sacrifice of a life which has been made happy by — and by — and by —. How many names would you like me to produce? You have perhaps a less opinion of women than I have. Which of them, if they knew all about it, as I do, would pick up that life and unite their own to it? But happily they don't know. She thinks perhaps — that girl on the isle — that I meant her harm by my warning. I meant her no harm — why should I harm her?"

I harm no one who does not step into my way."

"Man!" cried Walter—"if you are a man—would you hurt her for succoring me? Would you treat her as you treat—"

"That was an accident," he said quickly. "I have told you already I would have guarded against it had I divined. But your limited life is the very empire of accident. Even with all our foresight we cannot always make sure—"

"Yet there are occasions—in which it is not accident. Is it possible that there might be danger to—" Walter got up and began to pace about the room. He had completely surmounted every other sort of superstitious terror; but if it were possible that this dark spirit with power more than a man's could injure Oona! His self-command forsook him at the thought.

"Those who come across my path must take the consequences," said the stranger calmly. "It is their own fault if they put themselves in the way of danger. Let us return to the subject in hand. The woman whom you must marry—"

The words suddenly seemed to close on the air, leaving no sort of echo or thrill in it; and Walter, looking round, saw Symington come in with the scared look he remembered to have seen in the old man's countenance before, though without any sign in him of seeing the stranger. He asked in a hesitating manner, "Did ye ring, my lord? You'll be wanting your dinner. It is just ready to come up."

Walter was about to send the old servant hastily away; but a slight sign from his visitor restrained him. He said nothing, but watched, with feelings indescribable, the proceedings of the old man, who began to lay the table, moving to and fro, smoothing the damask cloth, folding the napkin, arranging the silver. Symington did everything as usual: but there was a tremor in him, unlike his ordinary composure. Sometimes he threw an alarmed and tremulous look round the room, as if something terrifying might lurk in any corner; but while doing so brushed past the very person of that strange visitor in the chair without a sign that he knew any one to be there. This mixture of suppressed panic and inconceivable unconsciousness gave Walter a suffocating sensation which he could not master. He cried out suddenly, in a loud and sharp tone which was beyond his own control, "Symington! Is it possible you don't see —"

Symington let the forks and spoons he was holding drop out of his hands. He cried out, quavering, "Lord have a care of us!" Then he stooped trembling to gather up the things he had dropped, which was a great trouble, so nervous and tremulous was he. He collected them all at the very foot of the man who sat smiling in the great chair.

"You gave me a terrible fright, my lord," the old man said, raising himself with a broken laugh: "that was what you meant, no doubt. All this water about and damp makes a man nervish. See! what should I see? I am no one of those," Symington added, with a great attempt at precision and a rather watery smile, "that see visions and that dream dreams."

"Why should you disturb the man's mind for nothing?" said the visitor, in that penetrating voice which Walter felt to go through him, penetrating every sense. He had grown reckless in the strange horror of the circumstances.

"Don't you hear that?" he cried sharply, catching Symington by the arm.

The old man gave a cry, his eyes flickered and moved as if they would have leapt from their sockets. He shook so that Walter's grasp alone seemed to keep him from falling. But he remained quite unconscious of any special object of alarm.

"Me! I hear naething," he cried. "There is nothing to hear. You have listened to all those old stories till ye are just out of yourself. But no me," Symington said with a quavering voice, but a forced smile. "No me! I am not superstitious. You will no succeed, my lord, in making a fool of me. Let me go. The trout is done by this time, and I must bring up my dinner," he cried with feverish impatience, shaking himself free.

Walter turned round half-dazed to say he knew not what to the occupant of that chair. But when he looked towards it there was no one there: nor in the room, nor anywhere near was the slightest trace of his visitor to be found.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

IT may be supposed that the dinner which was served to Lord Erradeen after this episode was done but little justice to. The trout was delicious, the bird cooked to perfection; but the young man, seated in sight of the apparently vacant chair, where so lately his visitor had been seated, could scarcely swallow a morsel. Was he there still, though no one could

see him? or had he departed only to return again when Symington and the meal had been cleared away, and the evening was free? There was a sickening sensation at Walter's heart as he asked himself these questions, and indeed, throughout this portion of his life, his experience was that the actual presence of this extraordinary person was very much less exciting and confusing than the effect produced during his apparent absence, when the idea that he might still be there unseen, or might appear at any moment, seemed to disturb the mental balance in a far more painful way. In the present case the effect was overpowering. Walter had been talking to him almost with freedom: it was impossible, indeed, thus to converse — even though the conversation was something of a struggle — with a man possessed of all the ordinary faculties, and in appearance, though more dignified and stately than most, yet in no way unlike other men, without a gradual cessation of those mysterious tremors with which the soul is convulsed in presence of anything that appears supernatural. The personage who inhabited or (for it was impossible to think of him as inhabiting a ruin) periodically visited Kinloch-houran had nothing in him save his stateliness of aspect which need have separated him from ordinary men. He would have attracted attention anywhere, but, except as a person of unusual distinction, would have startled no one; and even when the young man so cruelly subject to his influence talked with him, it was impossible to keep up the superstitious terror which nature feels for the inexplicable. But as soon as he withdrew, all this instinctive feeling returned. Walter's nerves and imagination sprang up into full play again, and got command of his reason. By moments it seemed to him that he caught a glimpse still of an outline in the chair, of eyes looking at him, of the smile and the voice which expressed so full a knowledge of all his own past history and everything that was in him. This consciousness gave to his eyes the same scared yet searching look which he had seen in those of Symington, took his breath from him, made his head whirl, and his heart fail. Symington waiting behind his chair, but eagerly on the watch for any sign, saw that his young lord was ghastly pale, and perceived the half-stealthy look which he cast around him, and especially the entire failure of his appetite. This is a thing which no Scotch domestic can bear.

"You are no eating, my lord," he said in a tone of gentle reproach, as he withdrew the plate with the untasted trout. ("That many a poor gentleman would have been glad of!" he said to himself.)

"No, I am not particularly hungry," Walter said, with a pretence at carelessness.

"I can recommend the bird," said Symington, "if it's no just a cheeper, for the season is advanced, it's been young and strong on the wing; and good game is rich, fortifying both to the body and spirit. Those that have delicate stomachs, it is just salvation to them — and for those that are, as ye may say, in the condition of invalids in the mind —"

Symington had entirely recovered from his own nervousness. He moved about the room with a free step, and felt himself fully restored to the position of counselor and adviser, with so much additional freedom as his young master was less in a position to restrain him, and permitted him to speak almost without interruption. Indeed Walter, as he ineffectually tried to eat, was half insensible to the monologue going on over his head.

"Ye must not neglect the body," Symington said, "especially in a place like this where even the maist reasonable man may be whiles put to it to keep his right senses. If ye'll observe, my lord, them that see what ye may call visions are mostly half-starvit creatures fasting or ill-nourished. Superstition, in my opinion, has a great deal to do with want of meat. But your lordship is paying no attention. Just two three mouthfuls, my lord! just as a duty to yourself and all your friends, and to please a faithful auld servant," Symington said, with more and more insinuating tones. There was something almost pathetic in the insistence with which he pressed "a breast of pairtridge that would tempt a saint" upon his young master. The humor of it struck Walter dully through the confusion of his senses. It was all like a dream to him made up of the laughable and the miserable; until Symington at last consented to see that his importunities were unavailing, and after a tedious interval of clearing away, took himself and all his paraphernalia out of the room, and left Walter alone. It seemed to Lord Erradeen that he had not been alone for a long time, nor had any leisure in which to collect his faculties; and for the first few minutes after the door had closed upon his too officious servant a sense of relief was in his mind. He drew a long breath of ease and conso-

lation, and throwing himself back in his chair gave himself up to momentary peace.

But this mood did not last long. He had not been alone five minutes before there sprang up within him something which could be called nothing less than a personal struggle with — he could not tell what. There is a quickening of excitement in a mental encounter, in the course of a momentous discussion, which almost reaches the height of that passion which is roused by bodily conflict, when the subject is important enough or the antagonists in deadly earnest. But to describe how this is intensified when the discussion takes place not between two, but in the spiritual consciousness of one, is almost too much for words to accomplish. Lord Erradeen in the complete solitude of this room, closed and curtained and shut out from all access of the world, suddenly felt himself in the height of such a controversy. He saw no one, nor did it occur to him again to look for any one. There was no need. Had his former visitor appeared, as before, seated opposite to him in the chair which stood so suggestively between the fire and the table, his pulses would have calmed, and his mind become composed at once. But there was nobody to address him in human speech, to oppose to him the changes of a human countenance. The question was discussed within himself with such rapidity of argument and reply, such clash of intellectual weapons, as never occurs to the external hearing. There passed thus under review the entire history of the struggle which had been going on from the time of Lord Erradeen's first arrival at the home of his race. It ran after this fashion, though with the quickness of thought far swifter than words.

"You thought you had conquered me. You thought you had escaped me."

"I did; you had no power in the glen, or on the isle."

"Fool! I have power anywhere, wherever you have been."

"To betray me into wickedness?"

"To let you go your own way. Did I tempt you to evil before ever you heard of me?"

"Can I tell? perhaps to prepare me for bondage."

"At school, at home, abroad, in all relations? Self-lover! My object at least is better than yours."

"I am no self-lover; rather self-hater, self-despiser."

"It is the same thing. Self before all.

I offer you something better, the good of your race."

"I have no race. I refuse!"

"You shall not refuse. You are mine, you must obey me."

"Never! I am no slave. I am my own master."

"The slave of every petty vice; the master of no impulse. Yield! I can crush you if I please."

"Never! I am — Oona's then, who will stand by me."

"Oona's! a girl! who when she knows what you are will turn and loathe you."

"Fiend! You fled when she gave me her hand."

"Will she touch your hand when she knows what it has clasped before?"

Then Walter felt his heart go out in a great cry. If any one had seen him thus, he would have borne the aspect of a madman. His forehead was knotted as with great cords, his eyes, drawn and puckered together in their sockets, shone with a gleam of almost delirious hatred and passion. He held back, his figure all drawn into angles, and a horrible tension of resistance as if some one with the force of a giant was seizing him. He thought that he shrieked out with all the force of mortal agony. "No! If Oona turns and all angels — I am God's then at the last!"

Then there seemed to him to come a pause of perfect stillness in the heart of the battle; but not the cessation of conflict. Far worse than the active struggle it was with a low laugh that his antagonist seemed to reply.

"God's! whom you neither love nor obey, nor have ever sought before."

The room in which Lord Erradeen sat was quite still all through the evening, more silent than the night air that ruffled the water and sighed in the trees permitted outside. The servants did not hear a sound. Peace itself could not have inhabited a more noiseless and restful place.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### RANCHE LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

THE object I have placed before myself in writing this rough sketch of ranche life, is to give to young men, thinking of going out West, as vivid an idea as possible of the kind of life they will have to lead. I shall endeavor to make what I have to say interesting to the general reader. But I warn every one before-

hand that this sketch will contain no startling adventures, but only plain, ordinary experiences, such as, more or less, must occur to any one in Western life.

My principal reason for doing this is that I have never yet encountered a man, meaning to take up this strange life, who had the faintest notion of what it would be like. Such men have generally a vague idea that there *will* be hardships and privations of some sort to be endured, but what form they will take they neither know nor apparently care. All they do know is, that they are tired to death of the confinement of an office, that their prospects in England are not good, and that life "out West" promises more room for their energies, and a free out-of-door existence as well. To such men I address myself.

Well, I have nothing to say against this. Your expectations—such as they are—are reasonable. But a man generally likes to look as far as he can before he leaps, and I therefore offer for your perusal these gleanings, both from my own experience and from that of men out there well known to me.

To begin with, it is impossible to deny that life on a sheep-ranch is a very severe trial of endurance, a trial that no doubt is, in many ways, a salutary one; that sometimes makes a *man*—a being able to battle alone with the world—out of materials which, if left to themselves, under the protecting care of parents or guardians, would become a feeble or supercilious and priggish specimen of humanity.

I most emphatically assert, however, that any young fellow with average education and intelligence, a good constitution, and a steady determination to persevere, in spite of the discouraging and unexpected hardships of this new life, will, in the end, do well, and perhaps become in time a wealthy man.

But remember that this cannot be done off-hand out West, any more than anywhere else in the world, and if you make money more quickly there than in the old country, you have a much harder life to lead; that the money is made by a systematic self-denial of all the comforts and conveniences of life which hitherto you considered absolutely necessary.

The first thing brought before your notice out West is that a man has all the women's work to do as well as his own. And, much to your disgust, you will find that you are expected to light the fire, help at the cooking, wash up dishes after

meals, cut firewood and draw water,—in fact, do all the worst drudgery, like the last 'prentice on board ship. This work, with a few odd jobs about the ranche, will occupy your first few weeks of prairie life. However, though excessively distasteful and rather humiliating as this household drudgery is at first—it soon gets habitual, and you take it all as a matter of course.

This initiation over, you are now introduced to some of the sterner parts of your life. The Mexican shepherd, or "herder," as he is called, is given a holiday, and you are put in charge of the sheep.

One of the most provoking characteristics of the thing is that "herding" *looks* so extremely easy. You have probably often watched the Mexican with envy, as he tranquilly strolled round his flock, while you were slaving away at some work about the ranche. You have perhaps gone so far as to hint to your Western friends that he seems to have very easy times, to which they assent with a grim chuckle, and the comforting assurance aloud, "that you shall have a good spell of it soon," adding to each other in an undertone, "a little more than he'll wish for, I guess."

But no misgivings are in your mind as you stride off, in the cool, invigorating air of an October morning. I am taking the pleasantest time of the year for your "first day on the herd." How that first day on the prairies comes back to me! Having compared notes with other men, and found that they have all had much the same sensations, perhaps I cannot do better than give a description of my own experiences.

I had rigged myself out in as outlandish a manner as possible. Firstly, a broad-brimmed, gray felt hat, painfully new, which I had bought at double the ordinary price at the nearest Western town. Secondly, an unmistakably "Britisher" coat and waistcoat, the effect of which, however, I considered quite counteracted by a blue flannel shirt with open collar. Thirdly, a pair of corduroy trousers, and lastly, a huge pair of English riding-boots, imposing in appearance, but calculated to blister horribly the feet of the unfortunate wearer. But the crowning touch of all, to my mind, was a Colt's revolver, firmly strapped round my waist. I felt that for the first time in my life I was an armed man, with six men's lives in my belt. I looked round and thirsted for an adventure.

For the first hour or two I strolled after my sheep wherever they led me, and devoted my energies to keeping a sharp lookout for wild animals. Then came an exciting chase after a lively rabbit, which, possibly from bewilderment at this sudden apparition of corduroys and white hat, allowed me to approach near enough for a shot, and my luck even enabled me to knock it over. With what pride I examined my prize, and anticipated exhibiting it to the scornful "boys" at the ranche!

After a few minutes spent in ascertaining how far off the rabbit I was when I shot it, it occurred to me that it might be as well to see after the sheep. I looked round. They had disappeared. I listened for the sound of the bells or a stray "baa." Nothing was to be heard but the squeaking bark of the countless prairie-dogs. I grasped my rabbit and ran to where I had seen them last. Not the ghost of a sheep to be found anywhere. Then a kind of panic seized me and I rushed frantically in every direction, and after an hour or two of violent exertion descried them afar off, walking fast, in a compact body, westward, as if they had made a special appointment in San Francisco, and were losing no time in keeping it.

After an exhausting chase, occasionally catching my foot in a prairie-dog's hole and tumbling head foremost upon a bed of inhospitable cactuses, the thorns of which remained in my hands for hours, I caught up the sheep, which however seemed "possessed," for no sooner did I get in front of them to prevent their passage to the Pacific Ocean, than they wheeled round and struck a bee-line for New York.

Again, perspiring, panting, I fear swearing, I headed them off, and thought that *now*, at least, they must take a little time to consider what they really did want to do. Vain hope. With a jingle of bells, and a defiant, not to say diabolical "baa," they wheeled briskly to the left, and started off to explore the Arctic regions without delay; the long-tailed wethers leading, and the poor little six-months-old lambs bringing up the rear, protesting pitifully at being deprived of their breakfasts, but ready to follow their leaders to the world's end.

Here the ordinary human being collapses, overpowered by the heat, worry, and exhaustion incident to the rush over soft ground for some hours in a heavy pair of new boots, and to the combined weight

of a satchel containing lunch, a canteen filled with water that was once cold, and lastly this precious rabbit, which I could not find in my heart to throw away, but which I would now give worlds not to have shot.

With a feeling of desperation I threw myself on the grass, and inwardly determined that the sheep might go to eternal perdition before I would stir another step to prevent them.

This angelic frame of mind lasted a few minutes; after which I languidly raised my head, expecting, as before, to find them gone.

But, behold! there they were, all spread out in front of me, feeding quietly and soberly, as if travelling were the last thing they would ever dream of doing.

"What an ass I was," I soliloquized, "to trouble myself about them; next time I will let them go."

I spent the next hour in eating my lunch of bread and mutton (which, by the by, had become abominably dry and tasteless, washed down by the tepid water), and in attempting to pick the reminiscences of the cactus out of my fingers.

But this peace did not last long; casting my eye over the sheep, I noticed that the flock appeared much smaller than it did half an hour ago. Suddenly I heard a distant "baa." The sheep feeding near me raised their heads, and in a moment more were stringing off, in long lines, to join their restless companions, now nearly half a mile away.

For a few minutes I remained where I was, expecting them to settle down to a rational feed as before. But as the tinkle of the bells grew fainter, and they were nearly out of sight, I became uneasy, and slowly gathering myself up, and grasping the inevitable rabbit, I started again on the weary chase after my irrepressible flock. Before I had gone half-a-dozen steps, that detestable panic laid hold of me again, and I floundered along as fast as my blistered feet would carry me until I came up to them. Then again the sheep fed quietly and allowed me a little rest, and so the weary day dragged on; and, an hour too soon, I made my appearance at the ranche, footsore, tired, and hungry, beyond expression; feeling that no week I had ever passed had seemed half so long as this one day — my first day on the herd.

I have inflicted this detailed description of a "tenderfoot's" first experience of herding upon my readers, because the same performance occurs, with varia-

tions, day after day for weeks, and even months.

This herding, which *looks* so easy and pleasant, becomes, on actual experience, one of the hardest of the trials of Western life. For the first six months it is really hard work, as well as entailing much physical discomfort. You cannot at first, however clever you may be about other things, learn the art of "herding," — that is, repressing the ardor of the stronger sheep who try to roam all over the country, and give the weaker members of the flock a chance to feed quietly; and I cannot, on paper, describe the method employed. You must *do it* day after day, week after week, and in time — say from six to twelve months, according to the steadiness with which you persevere — you will be considered a qualified herder.

You are then allowed to read, and so the time will hang less heavily on your hands. By this time, too, you are hardened to the Western custom of two meals per day, and do not burden yourself with canteen or satchel — an effeminate habit, stoutly pursued at first, but at last discontinued under the withering scorn of your Western friends.

A fast, however, of sixteen hours, under a burning sun, with only a little — a very little — dirty water in the middle of the day, even when you are used to it, is not particularly delightful, and the alternative of being drenched to the skin, and trudging through mud in wet clothes all day, is not much better. After this work I need hardly say you come in the evening with a raging appetite to — what? Boiled beans, fried bacon — very salt and stringy — and dry, heavy bread, washed down by black coffee, minus milk and sugar.

In winter life certainly is more enjoyable; then the day is only from ten to twelve hours long. But winter also has its drawbacks. Occasionally you have to spend ten hours or so in a blinding snow-storm, and dimly grope your way home at night, guided by the reports of rifles fired at intervals by the men at the ranche; this occurs, on an average, six times during the winter. Every morning the frost is intensely keen, and your fingers and toes suffer accordingly. But the worst part of the day is in the latter half of the afternoon. All the morning the sun is exceedingly powerful, and the snow, through which you are obliged to tramp, soaks in an insidious manner right through the leather of your boots, saturating them with moisture. At 2 P.M. the

sun loses its power as quickly as it gained it, and a biting frost takes its place. Being much fatigued with the day's work — for grass is scarce and the sheep hungry — you have not enough vitality left to counteract the effects of the returning cold, and in spite of a steady walking to and fro to keep up the circulation, your feet and hands get more benumbed every minute, and for the last hour or two there is no feeling in them at all; your boots are frozen into solid blocks of ice, and your fingers are too stiff even to button up your coat. I must say that to keep an eager flock of sheep from racing to their corral when you are in the miserable condition described above, for the last hour before sundown, and this, too, in sight of the warm, comfortable ranche, from which there is already wafted towards you an incense of supper, is in a small way, as good a test of what stuff a man is made of as I know. And do not forget that this occurs, more or less, every evening through the months of December, January, and February. Then, though you are consoled by a substantial supper of juicy mutton-chops, even this has to be paid for by the killing, skinning, etc., twice a week, of one of the long-tailed wethers before mentioned.

I am afraid my readers will think me determined to put this life in the worst light, when I proceed to assure them that this heat and thirst, and cold and hunger, are the smallest parts of the unpleasantness of sheep-herding. But it is so beyond a doubt. It is the complete isolation, the almost maddening monotony of the life, that tries one's moral fibre the most. One day is precisely the same as another — Sundays included. No society to be got at, even if you had the chance given you of cultivating it.

The two great events in the year are shearing and combing. They mean a little variety of work, a great deal of worry, sleepless nights, and an intense feeling of relief when they are over. It will be necessary for you to take the sheep into camp for some months every year, and this means that you will have to live — very probably alone — in a hut or tent, miles from the home ranche or any other habitation; and, after a long summer's day with the sheep, come home to a cheerless, empty house, light your own fire, cook your own supper, and spend the night alone, as you have done the day.

On windy nights the sheep, not being penned up in a corral, will very likely wander off, and when you awake, as you

probably will about midnight, you may find them gone, and have to wander out into the darkness, listening for a "baa," or the tinkling of a bell, to guide you to their whereabouts, and with the awful silence around you broken only by the weird, mocking howl of the coyote; and until you know the direction your sheep are likely to take in their night wanderings—that is, until you sleep so lightly that the sound of their moving off awakens you—you may spend many a weary hour in groping about for them in the darkness.

And here, I think I may say, that you reach the climax of all the trials you are to go through to become a Western man. You will not be sent alone into camp with sheep until you have "herded" many months. All through these "herding" months the life has been getting harder and harder to bear. One by one, all your previous hopes as to Western life have faded away; all the novelty of your work has gone; everything that seemed worth living for has departed from your life. Your friends calmly say that no man should expect any pleasure or holiday to speak of, for the first two years. And you see the people around you leading lives, freer perhaps, but hardly more comfortable than your own.

And yet now, when things seem at their worst, when you confess bitterly to yourself that it is only because you cannot face the idea of being beaten that you still persevere—now you are set to this "camping"—a task harder than anything you have borne yet. Camp-life, alone with a flock of sheep to take care of, is, as far as my experience and that of any one I ever knew out West goes, the toughest thing of all even in that hard life. You have all to bear that you had before. The same food, the same hours out with the sheep, and, in addition, this terrible sense of loneliness, which, as we have said before, until you become used to it, nearly overpowers any stamina that you have left.

But now—if you *still* determine not to give in, but to struggle on to the end—the tide has turned, and, from this moment, your prospects will steadily improve.

The first indication of this you will find in a marked change of manner towards you by the men around you. This "camping" is considered a crucial test, and, if you bear it uncomplainingly, the half-contemptuous, condescending way in which they have hitherto treated you changes to a rough but hearty and helpful sympathy, which true Western men never fail to give

to a man whom they consider has emerged from the "tenderfoot" or "eastern man" stage of existence, and is now one of themselves.

Camp life gives you something to look forward to; you appreciate, as you never did before, the comforts of the home ranche, the social "pipe" round the fire before turning in, and the supper, *not cooked by yourself*, and eaten in company with the "boys" who now, for the first time, listen respectfully to what you say concerning the state of the sheep, the goodness of the grass, etc.

You become hardened even to the loneliness of camp, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have gone through the worst that will be ever likely to happen to you.

And so the first twelve months of Western life come to an end; and if you have a few hundred pounds procurable—either of your own or borrowed at moderate interest—you will probably be able to invest it advantageously in sheep; perhaps "run" them with those of the man you have hitherto worked for.

In other ways, of course, your life will greatly improve; you will make journeys to various parts of the country, and become acquainted with the customs and ways of the rough-and-ready, hospitable Western stock-man.

Still, though as the years roll by your stock increases from hundreds to thousands—your life will be a hard one. At lambing time the sheep require the closest attention, and you will work as hard, and be as much exposed to the weather, as one of your Mexican herders. At all times, in fact—summer and winter alike—you must be ready to turn to and work with hands as well as head for many a long year to come.

I have now given you, as far as lies in my power, a faithful account of the practical side of the life that a man must expect if he decides to try what sheep-raising in the West is like.

Of course the experience of no two men is the same. This was mine, and, in its main features, the experience of the men about me.

I should, perhaps, say here that I have not alluded to the *danger* that there is in this wild isolated life; not because it is not there, but because it is impossible to say how much another man may be exposed to, as it depends on situation and many other things. That there is danger I do not deny, but you think very little of it when out there, and I am happy to say I

never knew or heard of an Englishman who thought of throwing up Western life on that account.

But do not imagine that you can escape the discomforts, and far more than discomforts that I have described; your experience will only be different in detail. Whether you have capital or not, you *must* learn your business first; you must thoroughly understand how to handle other people's sheep before you allow anybody to handle your own. You can only do this by going through for the first year or two at least these same unpleasant but necessary trials.

After these are over, it will depend on your own care, forethought, and business capacity whether you make money or lose it in the highly risky business of raising sheep.

On some future occasion I may say a word about the effect that Western life has upon character; its power of strengthening the weakest, hardening the softest, natures by the tests — some of which I have not mentioned here — that will be applied to them.

The question has often been put to me, "Should a man carry firearms or not?" I say, and my voice will be echoed by all Western men, most decidedly *yes*.

For the first few months it is advisable not to do so, when you are among strangers, for, as I remarked before, a "tenderfoot" is treated with lofty, contemptuous pity, and it is considered unpardonable presumption for an eastern man to pretend an acquaintance with firearms which he most certainly would prove not to have if put to the test. Nevertheless, carry them when alone, and practise steadily at any small game; and by the time you have come out of the "tenderfoot" state you should be a fair shot.

Then comes the time when it is needed, not probably that you will have to shoot any one. But out on the prairies, where there is no law but lynch law, you never know what may happen. To use the words of an old frontier man of my acquaintance, "You may carry a six-shooter twenty year and never use it once, except fur skunks, but at the end of that twenty years you might want it so almighty bad, that you'd wish you'd packed it all the time." I have dwelt thus long on the question of firearms because I have heard so much cant as to its being "much the best policy never to carry anything of the kind." All I can say is, that the men who preach this have either never been out West at all, or have only stayed there a

very short time, and have most certainly never become entitled to call themselves "Western men."

From Longman's Magazine.

## THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF DESPREZ.

THE doctor's house has not yet received the compliment of a description, and it is now high time that the omission were supplied, for the house is itself an actor in the story, and one whose part is nearly at an end. Two stories in height, walls of a warm yellow, tiles of an ancient ruddy brown, diversified with moss and lichen, it stood with one wall to the street in the angle of the doctor's property. It was roomy, draughty, and inconvenient. The large rafters were here and there engraved with rude marks and patterns; the handrail of the stair was carved in country-fied arabesque; a stout timber pillar, which did duty to support the dining-room roof, bore mysterious characters on its darker sides — runes, according to the doctor; nor did he fail, when he ran over the legendary history of the house and its possessors, to dwell upon the Scandinavian scholar who had left them. Floors, doors, and rafters made a great variety of angles; every room had a particular inclination; the gable had tilted towards the garden, after the manner of a leaning tower, and one of the former proprietors had buttressed the building from that side with a great strut of wood, like the derrick of a crane. Altogether, it had many marks of ruin; it was a house for the rats to desert; and nothing but its excellent brightness — the window-glass polished and shining, the paint well scoured, the brasses radiant, the very prop all wreathed about with climbing flowers — nothing but its air of a well-tended, smiling veteran, sitting, crutch and all, in the sunny corner of a garden, marked it as a house for comfortable people to inhabit. In poor or idle management it would soon have hurried into the blackguard stages of decay. As it was the whole family loved it, and the doctor was never better inspired than when he narrated its imaginary story and drew the character of its successive masters, from the Hebrew merchant who had re-edified its walls after the sack of the town, and past the mysterious engraver of the runes, down to the long-

headed, dirty-handed boor from whom he had himself acquired it at a ruinous expense. As for any alarm about its security, the idea had never presented itself. What had stood four centuries might well endure a little longer.

Indeed, in this particular winter, after the finding and losing of the treasure, the Desprez had an anxiety of a very different order, and one which lay nearer their hearts. Jean-Marie was plainly not himself. He had fits of hectic activity, when he made unusual exertions to please, spoke more and faster, and redoubled in attention to his lessons. But these were interrupted by spells of melancholia and brooding silence, when the boy was little better than unbearable.

"Silence," the doctor moralized — "you see, Anastasie, what comes of silence. Had the boy properly unbosomed himself, the little disappointment about the treasure, the little annoyance about Casimir's incivility, would long ago have been forgotten. As it is, they prey upon him like a disease. He loses flesh, his appetite is variable, and on the whole impaired. I keep him on the strictest regimen, I exhibit the most powerful tonics; both in vain."

"Don't you think you drug him too much?" asked madame, with an irrepressible shudder.

"Drug?" cried the doctor; "I drug? Anastasie, you are mad!"

Time went on, and the boy's health still slowly declined. The doctor blamed the weather, which was cold and boisterous. He called in his *confrère* from Bourron, took a fancy for him, magnified his capacity, and was pretty soon under treatment himself — it scarcely appeared for what complaint. He and Jean-Marie had each medicine to take at different periods of the day. The doctor used to lie in wait for the exact moment, watch in hand. "There is nothing like regularity," he would say, fill out the doses, and dilate on the virtues of the draught; and if the boy seemed none the better, the doctor was not at all the worse.

Gunpowder Day, the boy was particularly low. It was scowling, squally weather. Huge broken companies of cloud sailed swiftly overhead; raking gleams of sunlight swept the village, and were followed by intervals of darkness and white, flying rain. At times the wind lifted up its voice and bellowed. The trees were all scourging themselves along the meadows, the last leaves flying like dust.

The doctor, between the boy and the weather, was in his element; he had a theory to prove. He sat with his watch out and a barometer in front of him, waiting for the squalls and noting their effect upon the human pulse. "For the true philosopher," he remarked delightedly, "every fact in nature is a toy." A letter came to him; but, as its arrival coincided with the approach of another gust, he merely crammed it into his pocket, gave the time to Jean-Marie, and the next moment they were both counting their pulses as if for a wager.

At nightfall the wind rose into a tempest. It besieged the hamlet, apparently from every side, as if with batteries of cannon; the houses shook and groaned; live coals were blown upon the floor. The uproar and terror of the night kept people long awake, sitting with pallid faces giving ear.

It was twelve before the Desprez family retired. By half past one, when the storm was already somewhat past its height, the doctor was awakened from a troubled slumber, and sat up. A noise still rang in his ears, but whether of this world or the world of dreams he was not certain. Another clap of wind followed. It was accompanied by a sickening movement of the whole house, and in the subsequent lull Desprez could hear the tiles pouring like a cataract into the loft above his head. He plucked Anastasie bodily out of bed.

"Run!" he cried, thrusting some wearing apparel into her hands; "the house is falling! To the garden!"

She did not pause to be twice bidden; she was down the stair in an instant. She had never before suspected herself of such activity. The doctor meanwhile, with the speed of a piece of pantomime business, and undeterred by broken shins, proceeded to rout out Jean-Marie, tore Alaine from her virgin slumbers, seized her by the hand, and tumbled down-stairs and into the garden, with the girl tumbling behind him, still not more than half awake.

The fugitives rendezvous'd in the arbor by some common instinct. Then came a bull's-eye flash of struggling moonshine, which disclosed their four figures standing huddled from the wind in a raffle of flying drapery, and not without a considerable need for more. At the humiliating spectacle Anastasie clutched her nightdress desperately about her and burst loudly into tears. The doctor flew to console her; but she elbowed him away. She

suspected everybody of being the general public, and thought the darkness was alive with eyes.

Another gleam and another violent gust arrived together; the house was seen to rock on its foundation, and just as the light was once more eclipsed, a crash which triumphed over the shouting of the wind announced its fall, and for the moment the whole garden was alive with skipping tiles and brickbats. One such missile grazed the doctor's ear; another descended on the bare foot of Aline, who instantly made night hideous with her shrieks.

By this time the hamlet was alarmed, lights flashed from the windows, hails reached the party, and the doctor answered, nobly contending against Aline and the tempest. But this prospect of help only awakened Anastasie to a more active stage of terror.

"Henri, people will be coming," she screamed in her husband's ear.

"I trust so," he replied.

"They cannot. I would rather die," she wailed.

"My dear," said the doctor reprovingly, "you are excited. I gave you some clothes. What have you done with them?"

"Oh, I don't know—I must have thrown them away! Where are they?" she sobbed.

Desprez groped about in the darkness. "Admirable!" he remarked; "my grey velveteen trousers! This will exactly meet your necessities."

"Give them to me!" she cried fiercely; but as soon as she had them in her hands her mood appeared to alter—she stood silent for a moment, and then pressed the garment back upon the doctor. "Give it to Aline," she said—"poor girl."

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "Aline does not know what she is about. Aline is beside herself with terror; and at any rate, she is a peasant. Now I am really concerned at this exposure for a person of your housekeeping habits; my solicitude and your fantastic modesty both point to the same remedy—the pantaloons." He held them ready.

"It is impossible. You do not understand," she said with dignity.

By this time rescue was at hand. It had been found impracticable to enter by the street, for the gate was blocked with masonry, and the nodding ruin still threatened further avalanches. But between the doctor's garden and the one on the left hand, there was that very picturesque

contrivance—a common well; the door on the Desprez's side had chanced to be unbolted, and now, through the arched aperture a man's bearded face and an arm supporting a lantern were introduced into the world of windy darkness, where Anastasie concealed her woes. The light struck here and there among the tossing apple boughs; it glinted on the grass, but the lantern and the glowing face became the centre of the world. Anastasie crouched back from the intrusion.

"This way!" shouted the man. "Are you all safe?"

Aline, still screaming, ran to the newcomer, and was presently hauled headforemost through the wall.

"Now, Anastasie, come on; it is your turn," said the husband.

"I cannot," she replied.

"Are we all to die of exposure, madame?" thundered Doctor Desprez.

"You can go!" she cried. "Oh, go, go away! I can stay here; I am quite warm."

The doctor took her by the shoulders with an oath.

"Stop!" she screamed. "I will put them on."

She took the detested lendings in her hand once more; but her repulsion was stronger than shame. "Never!" she cried, shuddering, and flung them far away into the night.

Next moment the doctor had whirled her to the well. The man was there and the lantern; Anastasie closed her eyes and appeared to herself to be about to die. How she was transported through the arch she knew not; but once on the other side she was received by the neighbor's wife, and enveloped in a friendly blanket.

Beds were made ready for the two women, clothes of very various sizes for the doctor and Jean-Marie; and for the remainder of the night, while madame dozed in and out on the border-land of hysterics, her husband sat beside the fire and held forth to the admiring neighbors. He showed them, at length, the causes of the accident; for years, he explained, the fall had been impending; one sign had followed another, the joints had opened, the plaster had cracked, the old walls bowed inward; last, not three weeks ago, the cellar door had begun to work with difficulty in its grooves. "The cellar!" he said, gravely shaking his head over a glass of mulled wine. "That reminds me of my poor vintages. By a manifest providence the Hermitage was nearly at an end. One

bottle—I lose but one bottle of that incomparable wine. It had been set apart against Jean-Marie's wedding. Well, I must lay down some more; it will be an interest in life. I am, however, a man somewhat advanced in years. My great work is now buried in the fall of my humble roof; it will never be completed—my name will have been writ in water. And yet you find me calm—I would say cheerful. Can your priest do more?"

By the first glimpse of day the party sallied forth from the fireside into the street. The wind had fallen, but still charioted a world of troubled clouds; the air bit like frost; and the party, as they stood about the ruins in the rainy twilight of the morning, beat upon their breasts and blew into their hands for warmth. The house had entirely fallen, the walls outward, the roof in it; it was a mere heap of rubbish, with here and there a forlorn spear of broken rafter. A sentinel was placed over the ruins to protect the property, and the party adjourned to Tentaillon's to break their fast at the doctor's expense. The bottle circulated somewhat freely; and before they left the table it had begun to snow.

For three days the snow continued to fall, and the ruins, covered with tarpaulin and watched by sentries, were left undisturbed. The Desprez meanwhile had taken up their abode at Tentaillon's. Madame spent her time in the kitchen, concocting little delicacies, with the admiring aid of Madame Tentaillon, or sitting by the fire in thoughtful abstraction. The fall of the house affected her wonderfully little; that blow had been parried by another; and in her mind she was continually fighting over again the battle of the trousers. Had she done right? Had she done wrong? And now she would applaud her determination; and anon, with a horrid flush of unavailing penitence, she would regret the trousers. No juncture in her life had so much exercised her judgment. In the mean time the doctor had become vastly pleased with his situation. Two of the summer boarders still lingered behind the rest, prisoners for lack of a remittance; they were both English, but one of them spoke French pretty fluently, and was, besides, a humorous, agile-minded fellow, with whom the doctor could reason by the hour, secure of comprehension. Many were the glasses they emptied, many the topics they discussed.

"Anastasia," the doctor said on the third morning, "take an example from

your husband, from Jean-Marie! The excitement has done more for the boy than all my tonics, he takes his turn as sentry with positive gusto. As for me, you behold me. I have made friends with the Egyptians; and my Pharaoh is, I swear it, a most agreeable companion. You alone are hipped. About a house—a few dresses? What are they in comparison to the 'Pharmacopœia'—the labor of years lying buried below stones and sticks in this depressing hamlet? The snow falls; I shake it from my cloak! Imitate me. Our income will be impaired, I grant it, since we must rebuild; but moderation, patience, and philosophy will gather about the hearth. In the meanwhile, the Tentaillons are obliging; the table, with your additions, will pass; only the wine is execrable—well, I shall send for some to-day. My Pharaoh will be gratified to drink a decent glass; ah! and I shall see if he possesses that acme of organization—a palate. If he has a palate, he is perfect."

"Henri," she said, shaking her head, "you are a man; you cannot understand my feelings; no woman could shake off the memory of so public a humiliation."

The doctor could not restrain a titter. "Pardon me, darling," he said; "but really, to the philosophical intelligence, the incident appears so small a trifle. You looked extremely well——"

"Henri!" she cried.

"Well, well, I will say no more," he replied. "Though, to be sure, if you had consented to in due — *à propos*," he broke off, "and my trousers! They are lying in the snow—my favorite trousers!" And he dashed in quest of Jean-Marie.

Two hours afterwards the boy returned to the inn with a spade under one arm, and a curious sop of clothing under the other.

The doctor ruefully took it in his hands. "They have been!" he said. "Their tense is past. Excellent pantaloons, you are no more!" Stay, something in the pocket," and he produced a piece of paper. "A letter! ay, now I mind me; it was received on the morning of the gale, when I was absorbed in delicate investigations. It is still legible. From poor, dear Casimir! It is as well," he chuckled, "that I have educated him to patience. Poor Casimir and his correspondence—his infinitesimal, timorous, idiotic correspondence!"

He had by this time cautiously unfolded the wet letter; but, as he bent himself to

decipher the writing, a cloud descended on his brow.

"*Bigre!*" he cried, with a galvanic start.

And then the letter was whipped into the fire, and the doctor's cap was on his head in the turn of a hand.

"Ten minutes! I can catch it if I run," he cried. "It is always late. I go to Paris. I shall telegraph."

"Henri! what is wrong?" cried his wife.

"Ottoman bonds!" came from the disappearing doctor; and Anastasie and Jean-Marie were left face to face with the wet trousers. Desprez had gone to Paris, for the second time in seven years; he had gone to Paris with a pair of wooden shoes, a knitted spencer, a black blouse, a country nightcap, and twenty francs in his pocket. The fall of the house was but a secondary marvel; the whole world might have fallen and scarcely left a family more petrified.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE WAGES OF PHILOSOPHY.

ON the morning of the next day, the doctor, a mere spectre of himself, was brought back in the custody of Casimir. They found Anastasie and the boy sitting together by the fire; and Desprez, who had exchanged his toilette for a ready-made rig-out of poor materials, waved his hand as he entered, and sank speechless on the nearest chair. Madame turned direct to Casimir.

"What is wrong?" she cried.

"Well," replied Casimir, "what have I told you all along? It has come. It is a clean shave, this time; so you may as well bear up and make the best of it. House down, too, eh? Bad luck, upon my soul."

"Are we—are we—ruined?" she gasped.

The doctor stretched out his arms to her. "Ruined," he replied. "You are ruined by your sinister husband."

Casimir observed the consequent embrace through his eyeglass; then he turned to Jean-Marie. "You hear?" he said. "They are ruined; no more pickings, no more house, no more fat cutlets. It strikes me, my friend, that you had best be packing; the present speculation is about worked out." And he nodded to him meaningly.

"Never!" cried Desprez, springing up. "Jean-Marie, if you prefer to leave me, now that I am poor, you can go; you

shall receive your hundred francs, if so much remains to me. But if you will consent to stay"—the doctor wept a little—"Casimir offers me a place—as clerk," he resumed. "The emoluments are slender, but they will be enough for three. It is too much already to have lost my fortune; must I lose my son?"

Jean-Marie sobbed most bitterly, but without a word.

"I don't like boys who cry," observed Casimir. "This one is always crying. Here! you clear out of this for a little; I have business with your master and mistress, and these domestic feelings may be settled after I am gone. March!" and he held the door open.

Jean-Marie slunk out, like a detected thief.

By twelve they were all at table but Jean-Marie.

"Hey?" said Casimir. "Gone, you see. Took the hint at once."

"I do not, I confess," said Desprez, "I do not seek to excuse his absence. It speaks a want of heart that disappoints me sorely."

"Want of manners," corrected Casimir. "Heart, he never had. Why, Desprez, for a clever fellow, you are the most gullible mortal in creation. Your ignorance of human nature and human business is beyond belief. You are swindled by heathen Turks, swindled by vagabond children, swindled right and left, up-stairs and down-stairs. I think it must be your imagination. I thank my stars I have none."

"Pardon me," replied Desprez, still humbly, but with a return of spirit at sight of a distinction to be drawn; "pardon me, Casimir. You possess, even to an eminent degree, the commercial imagination. It was the lack of that in me—it appears it is my weak point—that has led to these repeated shocks. By the commercial imagination the financier forecasts the destiny of his investments, marks the falling house——"

"Egad," interrupted Casimir, "our friend the stable-boy appears to have his share of it."

The doctor was silenced; and the meal was continued and finished principally to the tune of the brother-in-law's not very consolatory conversation. He entirely ignored the two young English painters, turning a blind eyeglass to their salutations, and continuing his remarks as if he were alone in the bosom of his family; and with every second word he ripped another stitch out of the air balloon of

Desprez's vanity. By the time coffee was over, the poor doctor was as limp as a napkin.

"Let us go and see the ruins," said Casimir.

They strolled forth into the street. The fall of the house, like the loss of a front tooth, had quite transformed the village. Through the gap the eye commanded a great stretch of open snowy country, and the place shrank in comparison. It was like a room with an open door. The sentinel stood by the green gate looking very red and cold, but he had a pleasant word for the doctor and his wealthy kinsman.

Casimir looked at the mound of ruins, he tried the quality of the tarpaulin. "H'm," he said, "I hope the cellar arch has stood. If it has, my good brother, I will give you a good price for the wines."

"We shall start digging to-morrow," said the sentry. "There is no more fear of snow."

"My friend," returned Casimir sententiously, "you had better wait till you get paid."

The doctor winced, and began dragging his offensive brother-in-law towards Tentaillon's. In the house, there would be fewer auditors, and these already in the secret of his fall.

"Hullo!" cried Casimir, "there goes the stable-boy with his luggage; no, egad, he is taking it into the inn."

And sure enough, Jean-Marie was seen to cross the snowy street and enter Tentaillon's, staggering under a large hamper.

The doctor stopped with a sudden, wild hope.

"What can he have?" he said. "Let us go and see." And he hurried on.

"His luggage, to be sure," answered Casimir. "He is on the move — thanks to the commercial imagination."

"I have not seen that hamper for — for ever so long," remarked the doctor.

"Nor will you see it much longer," chuckled Casimir; "unless, indeed, we interfere. And by the way, I insist on an examination."

"You will not require," said Desprez, positively with a sob; and casting a moist, triumphant glance at Casimir, he began to run.

"What the devil is up with him, I wonder?" Casimir reflected; and then, curiosity taking the upper hand, he followed the doctor's example and took to his heels.

The hamper was so heavy and large,

and Jean-Marie himself so little and so weary, that it had taken him a great while to bundle it up-stairs to the Desprez' private room; and he had just set it down on the floor in front of Anastasie, when the doctor arrived, and was closely followed by the man of business. Boy and hamper were both in a most filthy plight; for the one had passed four months underground in a certain cave on the way to Achères, and the other had run about five miles as hard as his legs would carry him, half that distance under a staggering weight.

"Jean-Marie," cried the doctor, in a voice that was only too seraphic to be called hysterical, "is it — It is!" he fluted. "Oh, my son, my son!" And he sat down upon the hamper and sobbed like a little child.

"You will not go to Paris now," said Jean-Marie sheepishly.

"Casimir," said Desprez, raising his wet face, "do you see that boy, that angel boy? He is the thief; he took the treasure from a man unfit to be entrusted with its use; he brings it back to me when I am sobered and humbled. These, Casimir, are the fruits of my teaching, and this moment is the reward of my life."

"*Tiens*," said Casimir.

R. L. STEVENSON.

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From All The Year Round.  
BENVENUTO CELLINI.

IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART II.

NATURALLY, after Cellini's release from prison, his first works were for his patron the cardinal, until the time came for the latter to return to France, and then they all set out together. After the usual quarrelling, which was unavoidable wherever Cellini was concerned, they reached Florence, and then Ferrara, where the artist abode for some time, doing work for the duke of that place, until the French king began to grumble at his non-appearance, and he pursued his journey, leaving, of course, behind him, the memory of divers quarrels.

At length he did reach Fontainebleau, and had an audience with the king, who gave him a most gracious reception; but when it came to a question of setting to work, and the settlement of a salary, Cellini would not accept the terms of his benefactor, the cardinal, but broke up his

establishment, and started on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Messengers were despatched after him, overtook him, and brought him back, owing to their using threats of imprisonment, of which he had had quite enough to last him his life, and which was the most potent argument that could possibly be employed in his case. The question of emolument was soon settled; he was to have the same salary as Francis had assigned to Leonardo da Vinci (seven hundred crowns annually); to be paid, besides, for all work done for the king, and to receive a present of five hundred crowns to defray the expense of his journey.

His first commission from the king was a magnificent one, but from its vast scale it could scarcely be carried out by an artist who was then forty years of age. It was no less than to make twelve candlesticks in silver, the height of Francis himself, of six gods and six goddesses, and the artist was assigned the Tour de Nesle as a residence.

Cellini at once set to work on his models, and arranged about the payment of his two assistants, but he could not get possession of his residence. It had been assigned previously to the provost of Paris, Jean d'Estourville, who, however, made no use of it, and would not allow Cellini to occupy it, in spite of repeated orders. So Benvenuto complained to the king, who abruptly asked him who he was, and what was his name. Surprised at this reception, he did not at first reply, but afterwards stammered out that his name was Cellini; on which the king told him that if he was the same Cellini who had been described to him, he had better act like himself, he had the king's free permission. On this hint he set to work, and very soon was in residence at his new abode.

He then made full-sized models of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and got three hundred pounds of silver wherewith to commence his work. Meantime he finished a silver-gilt cup and basin — which he had begun for the Cardinal of Ferrara immediately on his release from prison — and they were of such beautiful workmanship, that, as soon as he had given them to his patron, the latter presented them to Francis, who in return gave the cardinal an abbey worth seven thousand crowns a year. The king, besides, wanted to make the artist a handsome present, but the cardinal prevented him, saying he would settle a pension of at least three hundred crowns yearly on him, out of the

proceeds of his abbey; but this he never did.

Cellini was now in great favor; he really worked hard, and his Jupiter and other gods progressed rapidly. The king took a personal interest in them, visiting the artist's *atelier*, and gave him an order to make a gold salt-cellar, as companion to his cup and basin. He had a model ready — one he had made in Rome at the request of the Cardinal of Ferrara — and with this the king was so highly delighted, that he ordered his treasurer to give Benvenuto one thousand old gold crowns, good weight, to be used in its manufacture. He duly received them, but he says that the treasurer, on one pretence or other, delayed payment till night, and then instigated four bravos to rob him. It is needless to say that such odds were nothing to Cellini, and that he reached home in safety with his precious burden.

The king, indeed, seemed unable to show sufficiently his regard for the artist. He gave him letters of naturalization, and made him lord of the Tour de Nesle. He visited him in company with Madame d'Estampes, and it was at her instigation that Cellini received orders to do something wherewith to ornament and beautify Fontainebleau. For this he designed some magnificent gates, but he made an enemy of the favorite through not consulting her in the matter. He endeavored to mollify her by presenting her with a beautiful cup, but she would not see him, so he went off in a tiff, and gave the cup to the Cardinal of Lorraine — which, of course, further embittered his fair enemy. To make matters worse, he turned out, neck and crop, a man who had taken up his residence, without permission, in a portion of the Tour de Nesle, and who happened to be a *protégé* of madame's. This, of course, was never forgiven, and it was war to the knife on the lady's part.

She set up a rival artist in opposition, Primaticcio; was always dinning in the king's ears, day and night, his superiority over Cellini, and succeeded, at last, in persuading Francis to let Primaticcio execute Cellini's designs for the gates at Fontainebleau. Cellini heard of this, and at once called on his rival; and having tried, without effect, moral suasion, to induce him to relinquish his proposed task, threatened to kill him, as he would a mad dog, when and wherever he met him. This course of reasoning succeeded where gentle means failed, and Primaticcio begged rather to be considered in the light of a brother.

Meanwhile he was hard at work on the king's salt-cellar, and when his Majesty returned to Paris, he presented it. As it was of remarkable workmanship, a detailed account of it will be interesting. It was of pure gold, and represented the earth and the sea, the latter being a figure of Neptune, holding a trident in one hand, and in the other a ship, which was to hold the salt. Under this were four sea-horses with their tails interlaced, besides a variety of fishes and other marine animals, whilst the water, with its undulating waves, was enamelled green. The earth was a beautiful nude female figure, holding a cornucopia in her right hand, whilst in her left she carried an Ionic temple, which served as a pepper-box. Under her were terrestrial animals and rocks partly enamelled, and partly natural gold. This was fixed on a base of black ebony, on which were four figures in mezzo-relievo of day and night, and of morning and evening. It is needless to say that Francis was delighted with it, and Primaticcio slunk off to Rome, under the pretext of studying the Laocoon, and other ancient works of art there.

Cellini was now forty-three years of age, and in the zenith of his fame and working powers. He enjoyed the favor of Francis to an extraordinary extent, and the king, on his visits to the artist's studio, was astounded at the magnitude of his conceptions, and the excellence of his execution. On one occasion he ordered seven thousand gold crowns to be paid him, but the cardinal of Ferrara prevented its payment, and satisfied the king with his reason for so doing; that if Benvenuto was made rich, he would probably buy an estate in Italy, and would leave whenever the whim seized him. Possibly the same reasoning prevailed when, a short time afterwards, Francis promised him the first vacant abbey whose revenue should amount to two thousand crowns a year — but Cellini never received it.

Madame d'Estampes's hostility, however, was not yet allayed, for, as she observed, "I govern the whole kingdom, and yet such an insignificant fellow sets my power at defiance;" so she persuaded the king to grant to a perfumer, one of her creatures, the tennis-court of the Tour de Nesle. He took possession in spite of protest; but Cellini so harassed him by assaults every day with stones, pikes, and muskets (firing only blank cartridge), that no one dared stir from the place. This method was too slow, and one day our hero stormed the place, drove

out the interloper, and threw his goods out of window. He then went straight to the king, told his story, was laughed at, forgiven, and had fresh letters given him, securing him still more in his possession.

For this the king was amply repaid by the strenuous exertions of the artist, and the Jupiter, the first and only one of that nobly devised set of candelabra, was finished; and in spite of Madame d'Estampes's intrigues, was shown to Francis at its best advantage. He was in raptures with it, and talked largely of rewarding its creator, but nothing came of it but one thousand crowns, which were partly for previous disbursements.

War broke out between Francis and the emperor Charles the Fifth, and the king not only consulted Cellini as to the defences of Paris, but gave him a commission to do all he thought necessary to ensure the city's safety, but he resigned his task, when his old foe, Madame d'Estampes, prevailed on the king to send for Girolamo Bellarmati. Her enmity still pursued Benvenuto, and she so worked upon the king that one day he swore he would never show the artist any more favor. An officious friend carried this speech to Cellini, and he instantly formed a resolution to quit the kingdom. Before he could do so, however, he had many alternate hopes and fears. Sometimes Francis would load him with praises, at another he would scold and reprimand him severely, and it was, at last, only through the instrumentality of his old friend, the Cardinal of Ferrara, that he at length succeeded in quitting Paris. His departure, though nominally a pleasure-trip, in order to visit his sister and her daughters, was, in reality, a flight; for he left his furniture and other goods behind him, to the value of fifteen thousand crowns. He endeavored to carry away with him two magnificent silver vases, but he was pursued and compelled to surrender them.

He seems to have had, for him, a quiet and peaceable journey, the only excitement he records being a terrific hailstorm, the hailstones beginning of the size of ounce bullets, and ending by being as big as lemons; nay, afterwards they found some which a man could hardly grasp in his two hands.

However, his party suffered no harm with the exception of some bruises; which under the circumstances was not to be wondered at; but, as they journeyed onwards, they found the trees all broken

down, and all the cattle, with many shepherds, killed. They reached Florence without further mishap, and there Cellini found his sister and her six daughters all well.

Cosmo de' Medici, the duke of Tuscany, received him with the greatest kindness; sympathized with him, and promised him almost unlimited wealth, if he would but work for him, and it was settled that his first task should be a statue, either in marble or bronze, for the square before the ancient palace of the republic, the Palazzo Vecchio. Cellini was forty-five years old when he made the model of his famous Perseus, which is now at Florence, in the Loggia dei Lanzi.

He settled upon a house, which Cosmo at once purchased and presented to him, but the irritable artist must, of course, at the very outset, quarrel with the duke's servants, and, consequently, some delay occurred before he could begin his model. But everything was at last arranged, even down to his salary, and he entered formally into the Medicean service.

Still, even in his beloved native town he was not happy, for Baccio Bandinelli, the celebrated sculptor, was either jealous of him, or he of Bandinelli, and they were always at feud. He kept good friends with his patron, made a colossal model of his head, executed some jewellery for the duchess, and worked hard at his Perseus; but he was always at daggers drawn with some of the ducal suite, and just now it was with the steward, who, he says, suborned people to charge him with a horrible crime.

There seems to have been no attempt at a prosecution; but Cellini felt it decidedly advisable to quit Florence for some time. So next morning he departed, without telling any one but his sister, and went towards Venice. From Ferrara he wrote to the duke, saying that though he had left Florence without taking leave of him, he would return without being sent for. At Venice, he visited both Titian and Sansovino, and also Lorenzo de' Medici, who earnestly advised him to return to France, instead of going back to Florence. But Cellini, having written the duke his version of the cause which drove him from his native place, and judging that the outcry against him had somewhat subsided, returned as suddenly as he had left, and unceremoniously visited Cosmo, who, although at first he seemed displeased, soon entered into good-humored conversation with him, asked about his visit to Venice, and ended by bidding him

mind his work, and finish the statue of Perseus.

This statue, or, more properly speaking, group, however, did not progress very rapidly, for Cellini was not liked, and he was thwarted wherever it was practicable, while both the duke and duchess would fain have kept him at work designing and making jewellery for them; in fact he was obliged to bribe the duchess with little presents of vases, etc., to try and gain her influence to obtain more help on his great work, and especially to counteract the machinations of his arch-enemy, Bandinelli. It was of small avail, for the duke, displeased with the slow progress of the work, had, some eighteen months since, stopped supplying money, and Cellini had to find his men's wages out of his own pocket. So, by way of consolation, he thought he would murder Bandinelli; but when he met him, other ideas prevailed, and he spurned him, thinking what a much more glorious vengeance it would be to finish his work, and thus confound his enemies; and Bandinelli afterwards offered him a fine block of marble, wherewith to make a statue.

This, however, did not make them friends, for both being once in the duke's presence, Cellini told the duke plainly that Bandinelli was a compound of everything that was bad, and had always been so; and then he went on to criticise most unmercifully his rival's statuary, and to overwhelm it with ridicule. At the same time, however, he made him stick to his promise, and insisted on the delivery of the block of marble, out of which he carved a group of Apollo and Hyacinthus.

This delighted the duke, and he begged him to leave the Perseus for a while, and devote himself to sculpture; and Benvenuto did so, carving a Narcissus out of a block of Greek marble.

The duke had some doubts as to Cellini's ability to cast a large statue in bronze, but the artist assured him of his powers, promising that it should be perfect in every respect except one foot, which he averred could not be cast well, and would require to be replaced by a new one.

The casting was a series of accidents. His shop took fire, and it was feared the roof would fall in; then from another side came such a tempest of rain and wind, that it cooled the furnace. Add to all this, that Cellini was taken suddenly ill of a violent intermittent fever, and every one will perceive that things were almost as bad as they could be.

Ill in bed, news came to him that his work was spoilt, so he got up and went to the workshop, where he found the metal cooled, owing to deficient firing. This he at once remedied, and, with the addition of some pewter, the metal soon began to melt.

Hark! a loud report, a blinding glare of light, and when men had come to their senses, they found that the cover of the furnace had burst and flown off, so that the bronze began to run. Quick! tap the metal; but it does not flow very quickly, it must be made more fluid. A number of pewter plates and dishes were procured, and into the furnace they went, some two hundred of them. Then the metal ran kindly, and the mould was filled, and nothing more could be done but wait with patience for its cooling.

The mental strain relieved, Benvenuto returned thanks to Heaven for the successful issue, then forgot all about his fever, and found he had a great appetite; so he sat down with his workmen and enjoyed his meal, drank "success to the casting," and then to bed, to arise quite cured, and capable of eating a capon for his dinner.

Two days afterwards came another anxious time. Had the casting been successful? Piece by piece it was uncovered. Yes, all went well until the foot was reached, which was to be imperfect. What a disappointment! the heel came out fair and round, and all Cellini's learned lecture to the duke went for naught. Yet, still, on uncovering it, came a little cry of joy, for were not the toes wanting, as also part of the foot? Who now could say he did not thoroughly understand his business? And so his patron and the duchess fully admitted when they saw the work.

After this a little rest was permissible, and a journey to Rome was the result. Here he saw Michael Angelo, whom he in vain induced to take service with Cosmo de' Medici. But St. Peter's was to be built, and nothing could persuade its creator to leave it. Malice had been busy during Cellini's absence, and on his return he found the duke very cold towards him; but although he managed to overcome this, an incident was about to happen which was to make the duchess, henceforth, his implacable enemy.

She wanted the duke to buy a string of pearls for her for six thousand crowns, and begged Cellini to praise them to the duke. He did so, and the prince was wavering as to the purchase, when he asked the

jeweller's honest opinion of their value. Cellini could not but answer this appeal in a straightforward manner, and replied that they were not worth above two thousand crowns, at the same time pointing out to the duke how much his consort desired them, and how she had asked him to aid her in obtaining them. So when the duchess once more asked for them, she was refused, and was told that Benvenuto's opinion was that the money would be thrown away. The duchess was but a woman; she gave him one look, shook her head threateningly at him, left the room, and never forgave him. She got her pearls though. A courtier, more supple and pliant than Cellini, begged the duke to buy them for his wife. He chose a happy moment, stood a few blows and cuffs, and then the indulgent husband yielded, and the pearls were his wife's property.

The duchess could not now bear the sight of Cellini, and the breach between them was widened by his refusal to give her, to adorn her room, the figures of Jupiter, Mercury, Minerva, and Danae, which he had made to go with his Perseus. Her influence made itself felt, and even the duke sensibly cooled towards our hero, and at last he found access to the palace very difficult.

But the crowning honor of his life was at hand. His Perseus was to be shown to the people and judged by their verdict. Proud, indeed, must have been the artist when he viewed the crowds which, from before daybreak, poured forth to see and admire his work. There was no adverse criticism there—no petty or factious jealousy. The people heartily and honestly admired the creation of their fellow-citizen, and felt a truly fraternal pride in owning him as one of themselves. The duke himself, concealed at a window, listened to the remarks of his people, and was so pleased, that he sent his favorite, Sforza, to congratulate Benvenuto, and tell him that he meant to signally reward him. His pride must have been gratified to the very utmost. "During the whole day the people showed me to each other as a sort of prodigy;" and two gentlemen, who were envoys from the viceroy of Sicily, made him most liberal offers, on behalf of their prince, if only he would go with them. Verses, Latin odes, and Greek poems were written by the hundred, and all, with any literary pretensions, vied with each other in producing some eulogium on Cellini.

At length, sated with praise, he longed

for a little rest, and obtained leave from his princely patron to make a short pilgrimage to Vallambrosa, Camaldoli, the baths of Santa Maria, and back again. At the baths he met with an old man, a physician, who was, besides, a student in alchemy. This old man conceived a great friendship for Cellini, and told him that there were mines both of gold and silver in the neighborhood; and furthermore, gave him a piece of practical information, to the effect that there was a pass, near Camaldoli, so open that an enemy could not only easily invade the Florentine territory by its means, but also could surprise the castle of Poppi without difficulty. Being furnished by his old friend with a sketch-map he immediately returned to Florence, and lost no time in presenting himself before the duke, and acquainting him with the reason of his speedy return.

The duke was well pleased with this service, and promised, of course, great things; but the favor of princes is proverbially fickle, and when, in the course of a day or two, he sought an interview for the purpose of being rewarded for his Perseus, he was met by a message from the duke, through his secretary, desiring him to name his own price. This roused Cellini's ire, and he refused to put a price upon his work, until, stung by repeated reiterations of the demand, he said that ten thousand crowns was less than it was worth.

Cosmo was evidently a good hand at a bargain, and was quite angry at being asked such a sum, saying that cities, or royal palaces, could be built for such a sum; to which the artist retorted, with his usual modesty, that any number of men could be found capable of building cities and palaces, but not another, in all the world, who could make such a statue of Perseus. His rival, Bandinelli, was called in to appraise it, and, whether he took its real value, or had some doubts of the consequences of the fire-eating Cellini's wrath in the event of his depreciating it, he assessed it at sixteen thousand crowns. This was more than the duke could stand; and, after much haggling, it was settled that the artist should be rewarded with a sum of three thousand five hundred gold crowns, to be paid in monthly sums of one hundred gold crowns. This soon fell to fifty, then to twenty-five, and sometimes was never paid at all, so that Benvenuto, writing in 1566, says there were still five hundred crowns due to him on that account.

Still Cosmo was anxious to keep Cellini at work. He could thoroughly appreciate the artist's efforts, but he objected to pay the bill. Numerous plans for work were raised, and models made; but they fell through, either through the artist refusing to adorn another's work, or through the prince choosing the worst models. The court, too, was full of intrigues, as the story of a block of marble will show. A fine block, intended for a statue of Neptune, had arrived, and the duchess contrived that Bandinelli should have the promise of it. Of course Cellini could not stand this, so he pleaded his cause with the duke, with the result that it was arranged that he and his rival should send in models, and that the victor in the competition should execute the statue. Benvenuto says he produced the best; but, knowing the court well, he waited on the duchess with a present of some jewellery, and promised, if she would only be neutral in the contest, to make for her the finest work of his life, a life-sized crucified Christ of the whitest marble, on a cross of pure black. Cellini says Bandinelli died of sheer chagrin; and the duchess declared that as he, if he had lived, should have had the stone, at any rate by his death his rival should not have it, so the marble was given to Bartolommeo Ammanati, who finished the statue in 1563.

The feud between Bandinelli and Cellini rose to such a height as even to interfere with their sepulchral arrangements. The latter in disgust with the duchess had promised his Christ to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, provided the monks would give him the ground under it, on which to erect his tomb. They said they had no power to grant his request, so, in a pet, he offered it on the same terms to the Church of the Santissima Annunziata, and it was eagerly accepted. But Bandinelli had nearly finished a "Pietà," our Lord supported by Nicodemus — a portrait of himself — and he went straight to the duchess and begged the chapel for his own tomb. By her influence, with some difficulty, he obtained his wish, and there he erected an altar-tomb, which is still in existence; and having, when it was finished, removed thither his father's remains, he was taken suddenly ill, as aforesaid, and died within eight days.

The next noteworthy incident in Cellini's chequered career was that he bought a farm near Vicchio, about seven miles from Florence, for the term of his natural life (in other words, an annuity), of one Piermaria Sbietta. He paid his property

a visit, and was received with every demonstration of affection by Sbietta, his wife, and his brother Filippo, a profligate priest. Several persons warned him of impending danger from one or other of them, but their kindness seems to have disarmed his suspicions, and he stayed to supper, intending to sleep at Trespiano that night. When he resumed his journey, however, he was taken violently ill with burning pains in the region of his stomach, and next morning felt as if on fire. Then he concluded that he had been poisoned, and, after passing in review the things of which he had partaken at supper, he felt convinced that corrosive sublimate had been administered to him in some very highly seasoned but palatable sauce, which he had so much relished that he had been helped to two spoonfuls. At Cellini's age—he was then sixty—this proved nearly fatal, especially as the physicians of that day were profoundly ignorant. He hovered between life and death for six months, and did not thoroughly recover and attend once more to his business for a whole year.

His illness was productive of another event in his life, for, whilst lying sick, he made a vow, should he recover, to marry a woman who had nursed him with great care. He fulfilled his vow, and by his wife, Madonna Piera, he had five children.

When able again to work, he sought the duke, who was at Leghorn, was kindly received, told to return to Florence, and occupation should be found for him. But this does not seem to be the case, so he completely finished the marble crucifix, which he intended for his tomb, and showed it to the duke and duchess, both of whom were highly delighted with it. Cosmo hankered after it, and ultimately obtained it, in 1565, for fifteen hundred crowns, when he had it removed and placed in the Palazzo Pitti. In 1577 it was sent as a present to Philip the Second of Spain, who had it carried on men's shoulders from Barcelona, and deposited in the Coro Alto of the Escorial, where it may now be seen, inscribed "*Benventus Zelinus, Civis Florent : faciebat 1562.*"

Not being fully employed he got fidgety, and a friend of his, Signor Baccio del Bene, having arrived in Florence on a mission from Catherine de' Medici, they had a conversation, in which it was mentioned that the queen dowager wanted to finish the sepulchral monument of her deceased husband, Henry the Second,

and that Daniello Ricciarelli da Volterra, who had the work in hand, was too old to execute it properly, so that there was an excellent opportunity for Cellini to return to France, and once more take possession of his Tour de Nesle.

He asked Baccio to mention this to the duke, as, personally, he was willing to go, but the duke would not listen to Benvenuto going away, and selfishly kept him, without giving him employment—at least as far as we know, for here Cellini's autobiography ends, in the year 1562.

In 1561, however, Cosmo presented him with a house near San Croce, in the Via Rosajo, for him and his legitimate heirs male forever, and in the grant, which is very flattering, is the following: "Possessing the house and its appurtenances, with a garden for his own use, we expect the return for the favors shown him will appear in those masterpieces of art, both of casts and sculpture, which may entitle him to our further regard."

Very little is further known about him, but we know that on the 16th of March, 1563, he was deputed, together with Bartolommeo Ammanati, to attend the funeral of his old friend and master, Michael Angelo Buonarroti.

On the 15th of February, 1570, Cellini himself died, and was buried with great pomp in the chapter-house of the Santissima Annunziata, in the presence of the whole academy.

Vasari painted his portrait, in which he is represented with his back towards the spectator, whom he regards, with his beard on his shoulder. It is the face of a man of middle age, with features of no remarkable cast, short, curling hair, and crisp beard, the moustache slightly upturned, bushy eyebrows, and two warts on the right side of his nose.

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE ANALOGIES OF SAILING.

It may be a convenient introduction to the subject of this paper if I ask the reader to suppose the case (which is not imaginary) of a river flowing with a very slight current, and accompanied in its wanderings by the great humanly contrived conveniences of a railway and a good ordinary road. Next, let him suppose that three travellers are going in the same direction, and that they are persons of very different idiosyncrasy. One of them, whom we will call A, is a practical,

energetic person, whose notion of travelling is that the object of it is to arrive at one's destination. If you asked such a person which of the three means of communication he voted for he would stare in astonishment at such a superfluous question. He would take the rail, of course, and look in his time-table for the quickest train. He would not listen to any other proposal, even if he were at leisure, but would get himself whirled to the next town on his itinerary, even though he did not know what to do with himself when he got there. Another of the three travellers, B, might wish to see the country more at leisure, and take a carriage for the road, or he might even prefer to do the distance on horseback, if a saddle-horse were procurable. The third, C, supposing him to have the boating instinct, would say, "Let us hire a boat, a sailing-boat, as there is not much current, and do the whole distance on the river!" The objections to such a proceeding on the part of his companions may be readily anticipated. The lover of express trains would say that nobody could have any idea of the time a sailing-boat would take. The equestrian would answer that the mind is much more at leisure to see and enjoy a fine tract of country when one is on horseback than when he has to be constantly thinking about ropes and sails and a rudder, and studying every little variation in the wind. It is useless to argue about matters of taste, but if C were impelled to speak in self-defence he would probably reply that the very objections so readily urged against a sailing voyage constituted its peculiar charm. The uncertainty of it makes it interesting, and the fact that skill and attention are required almost at every instant, gives the sailor an amount of satisfaction in the exercise of his faculties which can hardly be equalled, and can never be surpassed, in the practice of any other amusement. Those who have no taste for sailing lose their tempers when the boat does not maintain at least that equality of speed which may be expected from a pair of horses, and if they had their will they would desire a sailing-boat to go as regularly and as fast as if she had a boiler in her cabin and a screw churning the water at her stern. For such persons the proper place is a bed in a sleeping-carriage or a berth in a transatlantic; but a true sailor no more desires the monotony of going always twenty knots an hour than the other monotony of remaining continually becalmed. Variety in speed is as pleasing

to him as variety in most other things, and if he cares to be going fast he has always the satisfaction of reflecting that the earth, with all its waters, is flying along incessantly at a prodigious speed in space.

Sailing is a game in which the mental power and the bodily activity of the captain and his crew are pitted against the forces of wind and water. These forces are sometimes altogether favorable, in which case the sailor's business is to make the most of them, but more frequently they are only intermittently and slightly favorable, or else directly hostile, and then the sailor has to exercise great ingenuity and incessant vigilance so as to make niggardly help do much for him, and even to make hostile forces serve his own private ends. Now, if you compare this game with any other game, you will find, I believe, an essential difference, which is this. All other games represent either a contest of rivalry between the players in some particular speciality of skill, such as throwing a quoit, striking a ball, directing an arrow to a target, or else a mimic battle, as in chess, when each player has a small army under his command and can only hope to win by dint of superior generalship. But life itself is not always either a rivalry or a combat, it is more frequently the exercise of man's ingenuity and courage in dealing with natural circumstances and surrounding forces over which he has no control, yet which will either help or hinder him according to the art and craft applied by him to every successive situation. What I claim for sailing is that it does not represent simply a rivalry in special skill like billiards, nor a battle like chess, but that it represents with wonderful accuracy the great contest of the human race with nature, a contest in which man does not really conquer the natural forces but only avails himself of them. And I am fully convinced that the real reason why sailing is so attractive to many minds is because the analogy is so close that even a short voyage represents in miniature the action of the human race in the universe, so that the deepest instincts of humanity are gratified by doing on a small scale what the race has done on a large one. The analogy is still more perfect when the amateur sailor is also an amateur boat-builder (as many are), and has himself superintended the construction of his vessel, or, still better, made it with his own hands. I have said that in sailing we never really conquer the forces of nature, we

only exercise an ingenuity in using them for our own purposes, and in this we exactly represent the action of humanity in its grand movement of advancing civilization, as humanity cannot really achieve anything against nature, and only advances by the most ingenious, the most delicately observant conformity. It is this which gives that intellectual interest to sailing which, to those who practise it intelligently, is one of the keenest and most delicate of mental pleasures, but as sailing also requires great bodily activity it completes the representation of man's action in the universe which is physical as well as mental. In this respect sailing has a great advantage over all sedentary games of skill, for although sailing permits us to enjoy times of comparative rest, they are seldom of long duration, and the sort of vigilance that sailing requires implies bodily readiness quite as much as mental quickness and promptitude.

This, then, is the grand analogy of sailing, that it so closely represents, on a small scale, the manner in which humanity makes progress by conformity to the forces of nature; but it is likely that if there were no other analogy than this, the charm of sailing would not be so commonly felt, as the only people who understand the conditions of progress by conformity are those who have some tincture of scientific education. Sailing has analogies which are much more generally understood. Not only does it represent the grand advance of humanity by means of ingenious conformity, but it also represents, on a small scale, the passage of the individual human being through the favorable and the unfavorable circumstances of existence. Thousands of metaphors and similes in many literatures bear witness to the general consciousness of this analogy, and even the ordinary conversation of people who are not poetical or imaginative in any way, and who despise poetry in their hearts, connects sailing with such practical matters as prosperity and adversity in business. Some clergymen are excellent sailors and have been accomplished oarsmen, but many other clergymen know hardly anything about the subject, yet I wonder if there is a preacher in all Christendom who has not adorned his sermons with nautical similes, precisely because the variety of experiences through which the sailor passes in managing his vessel is so apt a representation of human life. They tell us that after being tossed on the rough ocean of

the world we shall find in religion a sure haven of rest. They describe a vessel with a fair wind and rippling sea as the type of prosperity, in which men are apt to forget the possibility of those tempests which they will probably have to encounter. They exhort us to vigilance by the example of the man on the look-out, who strains his eyes to discern whatever danger may be dimly perceived in the darkness of the night. The clerical similes, it may be observed, have generally reference to storm and calm, or to rocks and darkness, and beacons shining over the deep, or to shipwrecks or safe havens. Men of business, on the other hand, have a strong predilection for similes taken either from the depth of water or the floating power of the ship. They have two ways of dealing with the subject. Very frequently water represents, in their minds, the black depths of poverty into which a man will assuredly sink, unless he has either the good ship of a substantial private fortune to sustain him, or else the strong arms and skill of a swimmer, by which they mean the industry and talent of a successful professional man. Very frequently also, by a strange inversion, when men of business choose similes from nautical affairs, they make the sea stand for — not poverty at all, but just the contrary — abundant wealth. In these cases we hear nothing about the danger of sinking, but a great deal about the inconveniences of running aground. The ship is no longer the man's fortune but the human being himself, who will go on smoothly as long as he has money enough under him (the money is now supposed to be neither metal or paper, but a liquid), and come to a standstill, perhaps to total destruction, by fracture, when the liquid money is too shallow to swim in. According to this view, a stranded ship with her back broken, so that she can never float again, is the exact type of a completely ruined man. I suppose it was Shakespeare who first set this simile going by the passage about the tide in the affairs of men, though he does not seem to have looked upon the water as riches, but only as a means of pursuing the human voyage in search of riches.

Neither clergymen nor men of business say much about beating against the wind, and here they seem to miss an excellent opportunity, for of all analogies between sailing and human life there is not one so encouraging and inspiring as this. A clergyman might say: "When Providence tries you with what appears to be the

irresistible opposition of the powers of this world arrayed against you, do not give way to despondency, but remember that your courage and your intelligence were given to you in order that you might turn even apparently hostile forces to your advantage. These forces, which seem so terrible, may be friendly, for they may so discipline your minds in patience and skill that they themselves may be the appointed means by which you shall prevail against them." A man of business might say, in his own language: "Beating against the wind is an essential part of the education of a man of business. If the winds in his sails were continually favorable he would lose the skill which is necessary to make way against difficulties. If all speculations were necessarily profitable there would be no room for the exercise of talent in business, and therefore neither interest nor pleasure. It is in difficult times that a real genius for business has an opportunity, and then he takes the helm of his vessel in his own hand and beats against the wind, feeling a deeper inward satisfaction in a comparatively small result attained by his own skill when everything seems against him, than in large profits when trade is easy and everybody may make a fortune." It seems as if clergymen and men of business might expatiate very effectively in this way, and perhaps they do occasionally, but I never heard them. The plain truth is that very few people who are not sailors, either professionally or as amateurs, are aware that it is possible to sail against the wind at all. The present writer has lived both in England and France — two nations with a vast extent of coast, and possessing the most powerful navies in the world — and he is firmly convinced that the great majority of landmen (not to mention the more charming but generally less nautical sex) do not know, or at least do not believe and realize in their own consciousness, the great central truth about sailing, that every properly constructed vessel *can sail against the wind*. They do not even know that a boat can sail with a side wind. Their notion is that the art of sailing consists in spreading a certain area of canvas when the wind is perfectly fair, and going along swimmingly so long as it blows in the line of the vessel's motion, but they fancy that when the wind changes a little the captain has nothing to do but cast anchor. If you ask them what he is to do with a lee-shore, an iron-bound coast, and no anchorage, they don't

know what you mean. They will tell you, with that air of conscious superiority which is often the accompaniment of the profoundest ignorance, that sailing is very well when the wind is fair, but of no use in any other circumstances. I remember a very respectable-looking gentleman, who asked me some questions about my sailing excursions in the following manner: —

*Q.* With sails you can go when the wind is in the direction you intend to follow, but when it blows on one side, what can you do?

*A.* Sail.

*Q.* (with a very incredulous air). And when it blows dead against you?

*A.* Sail.

*Q.* (with an air of much increased incredulity and a laugh). How so?

*A.* By beating to windward.

*Q.* What?

*A.* If you will take the trouble to study the laws of lateral resistance (for the keel in the water), and the decomposition of forces (for the action of the wind on the sails), you will understand it ultimately, but not otherwise.

This gentleman went away perfectly unconvinced, and evidently thinking that beating to windward (which was practised with perfect success in the days of Columbus and earlier) was a creation of my own fancy, the dream of a student, not to be realized on water. I should have thought that in two such countries as France and England it would have been worth while to teach boys in school the first elements of that great art of sailing on which commerce has so long depended.

The best allusion to the moral significance of beating to windward which (for the moment) I am able to remember in literature is Emerson's, —

Chambers of the great are jails,  
And head-winds right for royal sails.

There is a fine ring in these lines; but notwithstanding a great love and admiration for Emerson, I have never quite known why he employed the epithet "royal," unless it was for alliteration and the movement of the verse. Sailors call those sails *royals* which, in a fully rigged ship, are above the top-gallant sails, and the truth is that head-winds are right, not only for those, but for all other sails that can be properly set, and more particularly for the fore-and-aft sails of cutters and schooners which are without royals.

Of all the modes of progression ever invented by man, beating to windward in a sailing vessel is morally the most beau-

tiful. Going straight against the wind by the power of a machine is simply opposing one force by another, which, on one point, happens to be a little superior. The invention of the machine was ingenious, but the application of its force requires only the simplest and commonest intelligence, whilst the only lesson to be derived from it is, that you can overcome opposition if you are the stronger at the point where the contest takes place. The steam-engine is not stronger than the wind, it is only stronger than the wind-pressure on the hull of the vessel, which is as nothing in comparison with the power of the whole wind. And even if the engine were infinitely stronger than it is, and really opposed the whole wind, the fact that a greater force can overcome a smaller one has no moral beauty or significance of any kind whatever. It is not morally more beautiful than the fact that the earth is bigger than the moon. But now consider all that is involved in beating to windward. Suppose the case of a man ignorant of sailing, placed on a vessel too heavy for him to propel it by muscular strength, and in the midst of a sea agitated by a steady breeze. He will drift to leeward, a perfect example of that helplessness which characterizes the unintelligent creature, when he encounters the great natural forces. He is drifting, let us suppose, from north to south, and he knows that he is coming nearer and nearer to a dreadful coast where he will certainly be drowned, yet he is impotent to make the slightest progress northwards. Exactly in the same situation, an intelligent sailor, with a few square yards of canvas at his disposal, will go wherever he pleases, even to the north, and he will do this by converting his apparent enemy into his most serviceable friend. The play of wind and water is exactly the same in both cases, but the accomplished sailor knows how to conform himself to the conditions in such a manner as to conciliate nature, and win from her that assistance which his bodily weakness needs. The action of the steam-engine shows nothing so beautiful as this. In beating to windward the wind is not resisted, it is employed, and the beauty of the process consists in the admirable ingenuity with which man converts opposition into aid whilst the opposing force continues. The analogies of beating to windward in human life are numerous. There are a hundred situations in which a stupid man can only drift, where an intelligent one will turn the very elements

of adversity itself into means of accomplishing his purposes. He knows that in all apparently unfavorable situations there are certain conditions which are not really unfavorable, and which, with a little ingenuity, may become positively advantageous. There is nothing in poverty more dreaded by timid and shallow people, than the fact that it cuts them off from fashionable society, as if that very severance were not one of the most favorable circumstances for those who have to work. Society has its value and its uses, but solitude, though generally disliked and even despised, offers its own austere advantages. In times like ours, when every man who does not spend a large income is liable to be considered unsuccessful, and even incapable, it may sound like affectation to sing the praises of adversity, but as no competent judge of sailing thinks much of going before the wind, as such a man takes far more interest in a ship and crew that are working to windward than he does in "white wings" spread to a favoring gale, so I should say that a competent judge of human nature will always be more deeply interested in a man whose life is occupied in making the most of difficult conditions than in one whose existence is a succession of facilities. It may be truly said, further, that as the sailor, who had no experience of anything but a fair wind, would be but a feeble mariner, so in the great education which life itself gives to us, we should have missed the most valuable teaching if we had never been compelled to beat against the wind. Far be it from me to desire to imply, as is done too frequently, that rich men always go with a fair wind, and poor men have to be constantly tacking against a foul one. There are many other difficulties in life besides pecuniary difficulties, and in one form or other the foul winds are generally provided for us by nature, who is too wise a mother to spoil her children utterly. When the difficulties come, either in passing squalls or steady opposition, it is time to exercise our seamanship, and so to contrive, if possible, that the opposing force shall be made subservient to our own ends. It is most certainly true that beating to windward is possible in the great affairs of life as well as in sailing, and this is one of the most encouraging analogies that belong to the sailor's art. The man who, in enforced solitude, makes use of the enlarged opportunities which solitude affords for self-improvement, is intellectually beating to windward. The solitude

which would make a stupid person more stupid still, affords him the opportunity, which he seizes, for an intellectual advance. In morals the case is even more striking, for a strong moral character *must* form itself by heaving to windward, that is, by the discipline of going in the very direction which requires the greatest self-control, and those temptations which would shipwreck a weak will are the opportunities for exercising a strong one. The value of difficulty is so well known, that when it is absent we have to seek it. The native language, from constant use, is too easy for us, so we learn Latin and Greek.

There is another very pretty analogy, which has the advantage of not being quite so obvious as the preceding, between the management of a sailing vessel in light and variable breezes and the conduct of life in a highly civilized community. Every one who enjoys the game of life, and is a skilful player, is incessantly on the watch for those small opportunities which are surely missed by the incapable and the careless. The skilful player values the smallest advance in the direction of his wishes, and when circumstances are not very favorable, he watches for those that are somewhat favorable, and lays himself out so as to win from them the utmost amount of furtherance. To such a man a small gain won by delicate skill gives a satisfaction out of all proportion to its positive value, but though each advantage so won may in itself be small, the aggregate results of such vigilance become important as life advances. The yachtsman who makes the most of light and variable breezes, is the model for all to follow who seek the best and most satisfactory success. A high state of civilization produces more and more a condition of things in which the delicate art of sailing is likely to do more for a man than the rough courage and energy which tell most effectively in simpler and ruder communities. Every one must have noticed a class of men who seem to have neither commanding talents nor any great practical force, and yet who get many of the good things of life as if they came to them naturally. Such men often succeed in the professions, marry well, live comfortably, and leave money behind them when they die. They do not seem to work particularly hard, certainly not so hard as many of the unsuccessful, their acquirements are not remarkable, and yet they steadily get on. In such cases the explanation generally is that the successful man has a

delicate perception of the value of small advantages, and has always been in the habit of making the most of them from the days of his youth.

There is nothing in which this delicate kind of sailing is of greater use than in the pursuit of health. One of my friends is a young physician in Paris, ardently fond of his profession, and inclined to exceed the limits of prudence in his work. About three years since his own health broke down, and so completely that his life was in danger from exhaustion. He took his own case in hand with the same closeness of attention that he was accustomed to bestow on others, and now he is strong and well. I asked how such a great change had been effected. "Simply," he answered, "by incessant attention to all those little things that affect health, and that I used habitually to neglect." Without appearing to live differently from other people, he is never forgetful now of those little aids to health which answer in hygienics to the lightest breath of air in the sails of a vessel. He takes the opportunities which present themselves, and though a physician in a great city, whose work includes hospital practice, cannot lead the healthy life of a country squire, he may often choose between what tends to health and the neglectful drifting away from it. The difference between a pleasant degree of activity and wearisome lassitude may often be due to some trifling matter or habit which a careless person is sure to overlook. I need hardly add that when health has been recovered by care in small things, the winner of it has a satisfaction in the results of his own management unknown to those who deal more carelessly and coarsely with themselves. The same satisfaction is attendant upon delicate attention to pecuniary affairs. The art of sailing in the direction of pecuniary well-being, when circumstances are but slightly and irregularly favorable, is as interesting as yachting, and very like it, whilst its rewards are of more importance. For an intelligent person, whose means are neither large nor certain, there is a constant satisfaction in making them yield the best result. I think that of all the lessons to be derived from the art of sailing, there is not one so likely to be generally profitable as this, that we should imitate in the midst of changing and slightly favorable circumstances, the art and patience of the yachtsman in light and variable breezes.

Another analogy between sailing and life may be connected with the yachtsman's

power of increasing and diminishing his sails. When there is scarcely a breath of wind he spreads an astonishing quantity of canvas; as the wind increases in strength he reduces the number of his sails; and finally, by reefing, he even diminishes the area of the few that still remain. I have not space to show the fallacy of the false analogies which have often been connected with this part of the sailor's craft, but the following is a sound one. Observe what really takes place. As the strength of the wind diminishes more sail is added; as the wind increases, canvas is taken in. The wind is not an enemy but a helper, and as the help decreases in energy a greater quantity of it is sought for by extending the area which receives it. In this case the art of the sailor is to regulate the help that is given him by getting more when he has too little, and accepting less than what is offered when the offer is in dangerous excess. I need hardly observe that such a moderating art as this is most valuable in the affairs of life. It has been exercised with consummate skill by the Italian statesmen of the present age. When they wanted help they spread their sails and received assistance, but they took them in again when assistance seemed likely to become dangerous to their independence. The unfortunate Poles never could get help enough, the wily Italians got exactly what they needed, the khedive of Egypt has received rather more than he may consider quite desirable.

In private life we constantly see similar instances, especially in the things of the mind. There may be too little mental assistance and there may be too much. The art is to get just enough of it by spreading our sails to catch it when required, whilst we take in reefs when there is a danger of being overpowered by it. Some men are overwhelmed by too much learning, others have not enough; the really clever man is he who gets just that degree of impulsion from learning which is most favorable to his best activity.

The analogy from ballast which refers simply to stability is obvious and commonly understood. A character is said to be without ballast when it has not a sufficient weight of knowledge and convictions to keep it steady. I need not dwell upon this; but there is another analogy connected with ballast which seems to be quite unknown, and yet which is at least equally valuable. Weight of ballast in a vessel has two uses, one for stability, known to most people, the other for mo-

mentum, known only to students of nautical science. Ballast is the flywheel of a sailing machine, a magazine for the storage of force. An excessively light sailing boat will not come round with any certainty in tacking, and has often to be helped with an oar, but a well ballasted vessel will shoot ahead *in stays*—that is, when the sails are momentarily without any impulsive effect because they cut the wind instead of receiving it—and whilst the vessel is shooting ahead by the sheer force that is accumulated in her ballast she is still quite obedient to the rudder, and may be securely brought round against the wind till the sails fill on the other tack. There is a very fine analogy between this and the power of accumulating intellectual and moral energy in a well-ballasted character. In all labor there are times (often of some duration) in which the impulsion from interest ceases. The accumulated force in ballast carries us well through the piece of uninteresting or disagreeable work, but if we were without it, the mind would come to a standstill or be driven back. Young people very seldom have much ballast of this kind, and so they require rowers (in the shape of masters) to get them over the situations in which the wind of interest gives no help. Men of weighty experience and powerful intellect have generally a fine momentum from their ballast, so that whether a piece of work is pleasant to them or not they go steadily through it, as a ship meets wind and water. Another resemblance is that, as a heavily ballasted vessel is not so nimble in short movements as a light vessel, so a weighty mind gets less easily into motion than a frivolous one, and does not stop so suddenly. Ballast makes us rather slow to enter upon a task, but when we have once begun it we go forward.

There is no analogy between the beginning of existence in the case of a ship and the beginning of human existence. A ship is not conceived and born, neither does it grow, but is *made*, which is quite different. There is, however, a very close analogy between the sinking of a ship and death, which is quite familiar to the popular mind, as we see by the constant use of the expression "The patient is sinking," an expression invariably and immediately understood to signify that the final plunge of death itself is to be expected. The result, so far as this world is concerned, is strikingly alike in both cases. The ship disappears, you may seek all over the ocean and not find her; the man disap-

pears, you will never meet with him again anywhere upon the whole earth. This may be one of the reasons why the spectacle of a noble vessel slowly sinking in mid-ocean is so fascinating. All who have witnessed such a catastrophe tell us that their eyes were fixed involuntarily on the doomed ship till she was no more to be seen within the ring of the vast horizon, and only a swirl of water marked, for a moment, the spot where she vanished forever.

P. G. HAMERTON.

From All The Year Round.  
ALONG THE SILVER STREAK.

### PART III.

IF fortune, as the saying goes, sometimes comes to people while they sleep, she is pretty sure to make off again without taking the trouble to wake them. Thus I felt it to be, anyhow, when on returning to our hotel after our interview with the magistrate, we found that, although the "Sea-Mew" had sailed the night before, yet that Hilda and her father had not gone with her, but had actually slept in the same hotel for the night, and had started this morning in a chaise and pair for parts unknown.

It was provoking to think that I had again missed the opportunity of seeing Hilda, and of making myself known to her. It was provoking, too, to find that both Hilda and the squire had heard of our little adventure of the night before, and had remained to hear the result, driving away as soon as we had been released from arrest.

Hilda had written one of her pithy little notes to Tom, congratulating him on getting out of his scrape, and bidding him beware of making friends with people of whose antecedents he knew nothing. As for her father and herself, they were about to visit an old friend of the squire's, who was believed to be living in the neighborhood. But as their route was uncertain there was no use in following them. Tom and his friend had better rejoin the "Sea-Mew" as soon as possible, and try and keep out of mischief. There was something gravely sarcastic about the note that sounded to me like an implied reproach. Was it possible that Hilda had after all recognized me, and had seen through the thin disguise and half-despised me for having assumed it? All the more I was resolved to follow them, and

have a thorough explanation with Hilda; and the slight obscurity that veiled their movements only made me more eager to find them.

This obscurity was presently somewhat relieved by the return of the carriage which had taken them away, for the driver reported that he had taken them to a place about seven leagues from here, where our friends had hired another conveyance. And so having no seven-league boots, we ordered a carriage to be brought round, secure of the first stage in our journey.

But before the cartiage could be brought round a voiture appeared, driven at a splitting pace from the station, in which voiture there sat a little man in spectacles, with a short, black beard and vivacious features; though he hardly so much sat either as stood, jumped, danced, gesticulated; everybody flying about at his word as if he were the commander of the port. At last, as if his mainspring had suddenly broken, he sank down upon the cushions with a gesture of despair; and then we saw for the first time that he had a companion in the carriage, a very pretty woman in a pretty costume, arranged with blue serge and blue and white braid to represent approximately a seafaring dress. And then before we quite understood what was the matter, we were somewhat dragged into the business by a chain of eager boatmen and touts who exclaimed in a chorus of shouts and cries: "This way, monsieur le directeur, this way; behold those two messieurs there who know all about your affair."

"But she has gone, she has sailed!" repeated monsieur le directeur, folding his arms gloomily. "All is finished! My friend," addressing the cab-driver, "let us return to Paris."

"But no!" cried madame la directrice, rousing herself in turn. "But no, Alphonse, how absurd thou art. Return to Paris! And what shall I wear when I get back to Paris, when I am here completely equipped for the sea. Let us address ourselves to these messieurs." And she bestowed such an engaging smile upon Tom Courtney that his susceptible heart was won in a moment. "We are looking for the 'Sea-Mew,'" she said, addressing us in excellent English, "a vessel that belongs to the friend of my husband, the distinguished Meesta Chancellor."

"And so are we," replied Tom in his most dulcet accents. "We, too, belong to the 'Sea-Mew,' and I hope we shall be *compagnons de voyage*."

Madame bowed graciously, and hoped so too, explaining the matter to her husband, who suddenly became radiant again.

"Ha, ha!" cried the director, "here is our affair then well arranged. Messieurs, I have left my bureau of public instruction, at the earnest request of my very good friend Chancelleur, that I may make your voyage entertaining, and also, let us hope, a little instructive. Well, I have my programme perfectly arranged, and it was irritating to find it in danger of being rudely cut in two. But since you, messieurs, are here to receive us, all is well, very well. We shall begin at once, having breakfasted. Cherbourg need not long detain us, its history is written in blue-books and the budget of the State. But we have a district close by, intensely interesting to all you English who are a little akin to the Normans. You, perhaps," addressing Courtney, "you perhaps, are a little Norman. Your name, monsieur, which I did not distinctly catch? Courtney!" triumphantly. "See, precisely what I said — Courtnez, short nose, just as we have Courthose, or short pantalon."

"Mon cher," remonstrated madame, frowning at him, "do not entertain our friends with these bêtises."

"Bêtises!" cried the director, "it is not bêtise, it is philologie. You should, sar," again addressing Courtney, "be of a verri distingué family. Only the great chiefs have the names according to the physique. To be a *de* is nothin', and any one little seigneur is a *de* — but a Courtnez, ah, that is grand!"

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Tom, laughing; but at the same time rubbing his nose as if to assure himself that this organ was not unduly limited in dimensions. "And my friend here, Lamallam, what is he?"

"Ah, that I know nothing," rejoined the director, shaking his head suspiciously; "that is not French, that is not English, that is not Dutch — perhaps it is Hindostanee."

Tom Courtney gave me a nudge.

"Our friend is a conjuror," he murmured.

He seemed quite fascinated with the director; we should have dubbed him professor, but that is a title which does not assume large proportions in France — any little boy's tutor is a professor. Well, Tom was so fascinated with the director, jointly, perhaps, with the director's wife, that he persisted in counter-ordering our

carriage for the seven leagues, and in staying to breakfast at the hotel with our new friends. The director made a glorious breakfast, talking all the while, in a running commentary on the viands before us; he sketched the natural history of the lobster, showed us the connecting link between the shrimp and the spider, gave us a brief account of the process of making cream in Normandy, *à propos* of the sauce *à la crème*. Only as there were thirty or forty more of his compatriots at table all talking and gesticulating at high pressure, with the incessant rattle of plates and dishes all mingling in one mighty roar, it happened that not all his instructive remarks reached our ears. Madame la directrice too seemed to enjoy her breakfast. She had the satisfaction of feeling that she was the best-looking and the best-dressed woman at the table. The wife of the "port admiral," as we dubbed the officer who had the most gold lace about his coat, grew pale with envy and jealousy at the sight of her rival's fresh Parisian toilet; while the officers with one accord pronounced the newcomer as of all things the most "chic." And, by the way, the gallant officers themselves were a puzzle and wonder to us strangers. What were all these captains and lieutenants doing, and the brisk and smart seamen, too, who thronged the streets, while all the time there was not a single ship in a condition to go to sea? But then that was explained by the presence of naval barracks, where men are trained in seamanship without the disagreeable necessity of going afloat. An excellent notion this last, said the director sympathetically, for he hated the sea himself — except from the shore; while madame, on the contrary — The director gave a shrug expressive of the sacrifices he was making for the pleasures of his fair and amiable partner, and to accomplish his mission for his very good friend Chancellor.

All this would have been amusing enough if I had not been so anxious to get sight of Hilda once more. But then, as Courtney urged, of what use was it to start on a vague, uncertain chase, when in the course of twenty-four hours or so we should be sure to meet on board the "Sea-Mew"? And in the mean time our director had us in his power. He was not an exacting taskmaster; he allowed us plenty of opportunities for rest and refreshment, and for enjoying the society of his lively and charming wife. But in the mean time the programme must be car-

ried out. In us he beheld the representatives of the passengers of the "Sea-Mew," and in our persons must his vows to his friend Chancellor be accomplished. And so, breakfast once over, a carriage was ordered, and we were driven off along the coast towards Cape La Hague.

"I am going to show you," began our director, "the earliest stronghold of your race in Normandy—the first settlement, probably, of the barbarous Scandinavians on the shores of civilized Neustria."

As we started, the weather was rather threatening, great banks of clouds drifting up from the sea, with occasional driving showers; but in spite of the weather, when we reached the little bay called the Anse St. Anne—where there is a little fishing village under the protection of the big fort that crowns the point—in spite of the weather, I say, the whole of the male population of the village was on the move. Their fishing-boats were anchored a little way out at sea—short bluff craft bobbing up and down on the swell like so many fishing-floats; and each man as he left his hut to start with the tide for the fishing-banks carried on his back a sort of coracle, rudely constructed, and of the frailest materials—an egg box in one case—a little wooden scoop, in fact, which the fisherman dexterously set afloat and scrambled into, and then paddled out to his boat. A primitive race these fishermen, among whom still linger many of the superstitions that once were universal in the district. There is *le moine de Saire*, for instance, the evil genius of these parts and the terror of seamen. In the roadstead of Cherbourg he calls out, "Sauvez la vie!" and draws the seamen who come to his help into the waves. Upon the rocks, he cries, "Par ici! par là!" in order to mislead them; and these are evil pranks in which he indulges to this day. But he no longer sits upon the bridge of Saire to play at cards with the belated traveller and to throw the player into the water as the penalty for losing the game. People had long been too wide-awake for him, and when the railway was made he abandoned the bridge in disgust.

Madame la directrice is well versed in all this folk-lore, and she can tell us of the goblins that haunt the coasts hereabouts, which the country people call *hards*, or *hurlours*; and of *Chincheface* or, more correctly, *Chichevache*, a fantastic beast who devours good wives. Her lamentable thinness—for *Chichevache*, is evidently, being interpreted, "miserable cow"—anyhow, the lamentable thinness

of this beast is evidence of the scarcity of that particular article of diet. Another monster, called *Bigorne*, eats up husbands who are under the dominion of their wives, and his circumstances seem to be more comfortable. Our fair friend is delighted to find that the same monsters were known in England, as witness Chaucer, who warns ladies to avoid the example of patient Griselda, "Lest Chichevache you swowle in her entraile," and Lydgate, who, as Professor Morley shows us, devotes a whole poem to the two mythic beasts.

By this time we have reached Beaumont Hague on the western side of the peninsula, with a lonely château in a wood, close by which our director points out with triumph a raised embankment of greensward, which he assures us is the Hague Dyke, an entrenchment that cuts off the whole neck of land ending in Cape La Hague; a work that some ascribe to the first Norman settlers in the land, who here may have formed a stronghold and place of retreat, whence they might sally out to plunder and devastate at will. Eight villages are cut off from the rest of the department by this entrenchment, villages which contain a population more purely Scandinavian perhaps than any other part of France—a people tall and strong, with fair-haired women of full and bountiful forms, a people whose mouths have hardly adapted themselves in all these centuries to the tripping language of the French, so that in the neighborhood the district is sometimes known as the Pays de Chenna, from the peculiar way in which the French *cela* is pronounced. It is a little England, indeed, beyond the silver streak, and Tom Courtney feels a wild desire to embrace some of these tall, good-looking girls, and exclaim: "We are brethren and sisters!" But it is hardly likely that the claim to relationship will be welcomed and acknowledged, for, sooth to say, the English are not over-popular in Normandy—especially unpopular, too, among the seafaring population, a little envious of our flag that, as far as commerce goes, has almost driven theirs from the seas.

And so we take leave of La Hague. Hague, as our director points out, in the sense of an enclosed space—rapidly running over the words belonging to the same root—"haie," "hedge," "ha-ha," and even "hay"—and we drive off, accompanied by a sharp rattling shower of rain and an equally heavy shower of philologic lore from our director, Tom remark-

ing that all this learning acted upon him in the same way as a sermon, and gave him a wonderful appetite for dinner.

When we reached the town we found despatches waiting for us, which gave us a fresh object in life. First of all was a letter from Hilda brought by a servant in a wonderful shiny hat, driving a dog-cart, with a fine fast-trotting mare. And this proved to be from Hilda for Tom, with a short account of her adventures. They had found the château of the Count de St. Pol, only to learn that the old squire's friend was dead, and that his son ruled in his stead—a young man, handsome, brilliant, and very rich. He had welcomed them with all the effusion of his race; but as he kept up only a bachelor establishment, Hilda and her father had taken up their quarters at the hotel at Valognes—"a dear old place, which you must come and see, Tom." Another despatch too—by telegraph this one—came from the "Sea-Mew," dated Ryde. She had run across to pick up her owner, who was going to join her there, and back to the coast of France—port of rendezvous, St. Vaast.

We sent for the railway *Indicateur*. Last train to Valognes at a quarter past six. Dinner must be postponed till we reach that place. Tom grumbled, and muttered something about never travelling with people who were running after girls.

The same question presented itself both to Tom and myself on reading these despatches. Had the recall of the "Sea-Mew" to pick up its owner anything to do with Hilda's hasty departure from the yacht with her father? Was it possible that she shrank from the assiduous attentions of her betrothed, wished to put off their meeting as long as possible? Perhaps it was rather a high-handed proceeding which a girl of spirit might resent, this ordering back the whole party to meet its host—a thing not chivalrous at all, but rather savoring of the self-importance of an arrogant man. However that might be, Tom reminded me that hitherto Hilda had not shown any repugnance to Mr. Chancellor, and that having made up her mind to accept him she must have been prepared for a certain high-handedness which was part of his character. And, again, Chancellor's visit to France was in pursuance of a scheme of direct advantage for the Chudleigh family. For the son of the house, Redmond, the ex-guardsman and roué, was now, Tom informed me, lying hidden in some French town, mixed up in

certain questionable bill transactions, upon which his creditors had threatened criminal proceedings, and Chancellor had undertaken to negotiate matters, hoping to avert any exposure, and to ship off Master Redmond to some obscure colony—say as governor or commander-in-chief. Now, undoubtedly, John Chancellor was very much in love, and it would be a bitter disappointment to him to find that Hilda was not on board to meet him. And why should she have inflicted this disappointment on one who was doing his best to serve her?

Tom and I talked the matter over as we waited for the time of departure, winding round and round the subject without coming to any conclusion. But while we sat in the shade in the courtyard of the hotel, smoking and talking over our woes, the director being busy with a note-book and his programme, and his wife having gone to array herself for a walk, a young and bright-looking girl approached, and in pretty broken English requested our advice and aid. She was Justine, the femme de chambre of the English mademoiselle, and her mistress had left her here with her boxes, promising to send for her when the destination of the party was settled; but she had heard nothing, and was so dull and desolate in this place that existence was no longer endurable. If we would help her to find her mistress, we should earn her prayers for our welfare and her everlasting gratitude.

"If I could travel with a femme de chambre, how gladly would I!" exclaimed Tom. "But as that would not be thought correct, I don't see what can be done. But don't cry, my child," seeing that the girl's eyes were fast filling with tears. "You may rely upon us to see you all right." And here it occurred to us that Justine might attach herself to madame la directrice, who was travelling without a maid; we were all sure to meet on board the "Sea-Mew," and in the mean time Justine could make herself useful to her compatriots. Justine eagerly seized the opportunity—an orderly little creature, a satellite who felt herself lost without a central planet—and presently we saw and heard her in full career of activity, darting here and there for things for madame, and singing:—

A Saint Malo sont arrivés,  
Sur le bord de la rivière,  
Trois balemens chargés de blés,  
Sur l'i sur l'o sur le bord de l'eau,  
Dans l'eau,  
Sur le bord de la rivière.

"A nice little girl that," quoth Tom, rising and throwing away the end of his cigar; "I mean to have a talk to her, and find out what's the matter with Hilda." Tom must have found an opportunity for carrying out his purpose, for presently he reappeared, and seated himself beside me. "A clever little thing, too, that girl," he began; "she put me up to the situation in a moment. Her mistress, she said was quite satisfied and happy—at least, if not quite happy, anyhow quite content, till last night when the post came in with two *dépêches* for mademoiselle, one, no doubt, from her fiancé, which she read quite calmly, half smiling to herself, and the second—ah, the second—which she opened quite indifferently. It was only from the vieille châtelaine at the château of monsieur, her papa. Yes, the second," went on Tom, imitating the little femme de chambre's gestures, and waving of hands, "the second produced a most lamentable effect on mademoiselle. She turned pale, was about to faint, and then gave way to an indescribable agitation, wringing her hands, and even weeping, in a way *à navrer le cœur*. "Now, what's navrer le cœur?" asked Tom, interrupting his narrative. "I want to get up all those little phrases; they are so useful in travelling. Navrer le cœur, what does it mean, now?"

"Perhaps you'll know before you are much older," I replied gloomily, for, indeed, the little story I had just heard had made me feel something of a heart-break. The "vieille châtelaine" could be no other than Mrs. Murch, and the news that had so much affected Hilda could hardly be other than an account of my visit to Combe Chudleigh, and of what I had said and done. But that Hilda felt that I had come too late, and that we were hopelessly and irrevocably parted, was only too plain from the manner in which she had received the news. Not a gleam of joy or of hope, but only the grief and sorrow with which she took leave forever of all the sweet promise of earlier days.

But if I could only see her—speak to her in my own name, urge my own rights of first and only love. I became in a moment feverishly anxious to depart.

To a man anxious to get away, it was rather vexing, that as Tom and I were settling our bills we should be seized upon by the director. "Are we to travel on to-night then, my friends?" And then I suggested that as we were going to a small town of limited resources, his wife and he would be much more comfort-

able in their present quarters. "Not at all, my friends," rejoined the director; "no trifling considerations of comfort shall interfere with my devotion to the friends of my excellent Chancelleur. Till we are on board that ship with the extraordinary name, I will not lose sight of you, my friends, for a moment. You, my brave Courtnez, conduct my wife to the omnibus, and we others will follow on foot."

And I presently beheld Tom pleasantly sandwiched between Justine and her mistress, while the director held me by the arm as he discoursed upon the origin of the name of Cherbourg, whether Cæsarburgh, as some pretend, a derivation the director was inclined to scout, or more probably after some Saxon chieftain Cyric or Cedric.

But soon we were speeding, at the deliberate speed of a French express train, along a pleasant English-looking valley, with a stream showing here and there a gleam of light, and snug villas perched among the trees; through a woodland country, the trees all aglow with the rays of the declining sun, with little fields between, shining in vivid green; the storm all cleared away, and the day finishing in peace and splendor; then among roses which cluster about every cottage, hang about the station walls, and clamber around the wheels of old deserted luggage-trucks—a land of roses and rich meadows, with green hedges and happy, comfortable-looking cows standing to be milked, and milked into vases of polished brass of quite noble classic form: a country of village spires and thatched roofs, with a pretty bit of river here and there shining from under a bridge. It is the river Douve—a less brawling stream than our English Dove, but with a charm of its own, in its rich and pleasant valley. And yonder on the hill our director points out a spire among the trees, which should be a place of pilgrimage for the Scots. It is Brix, the original home of the Bruces before they knew either Northumbria or Scotland. And then we are left at Valognes, while the train speeds on into the green, smiling country.

The inevitable little omnibus waiting at the station is already nearly filled with commis-voyageurs, and there is only room for Justine and the boxes, which are packed outside, so we walk down into the quiet town where the shadows are creeping up the walls while the tall roofs of the big château are still in full sunshine. A pleasant social life they must have led,

these provincial seigneurs before the Revolution, shut out from most of the cares of the world behind these big florid gateways within the shaded courtyards, and the gardens full of sunshine. The gardens are still there, with their pear-trees loaded with fruit trained in formal neatness over the espaliers, with the apple-trees and plum-trees, that may have been grafted by the dainty hands of dukes and marquises of the *ancien régime*; and the courtyards are still there and the florid gateways, these last with a narrow doorway, perhaps, cut out of the great expanse, and a little grating whence some white-coifed sister may look out upon the world outside, as quiet almost as the cloistered world within. These big houses of the old noblesse are nearly all convents now, or seminaries, or retreats. Except that in one or two of them, perhaps, some honest bourgeois lives, like a mouse in the corner of a granary, in a room or two cut off from the grand salon, with the legs of a fat carved cupid on one side of the partition, and his torso on the other; while the carved mantelpiece holds the dish for tobacco and the modest pipe of the propriétaire. He will replace the purchase money in a few years with the produce of the grand garden, that seems continually soaked in sunshine all through the long summer days. But of the courtly old families who lived here through so many centuries in their homely state, what trace is there now? Who knows or cares whether our friend De St. Pol, for instance, is the offshoot of some almost royal line, or the son of some speculator or contractor, who the other day might have carried a pedlar's basket?

In a wide, grass-covered *place* we come to a halt — the *place* surrounded by formal rows of well-clipped limes, with seats under the trees, but not a soul to be seen, and the silence only broken by the ringing of the big solemn bells of the church, whose graceful dome and quaint spire crown the housetops, and the tinkling of little bells of convents from anywhere among the trees. Hereabouts was the keep of the old citadel, that stood out against kings of England and kings of France in turn, with hardly a stone left upon another now to tell the tale, but where the turf gives back a solemn echo from the cells and dungeons below.

Our director leads the way across the grassy place, and enters the *porte-cochère* of a rambling old hotel. A couple of old-fashioned diligences block the view of the entrance, and sundry wagons piled

high with hay. A girl is driving some turkeys into a dilapidated stable, and cocks and hens are marching to roost in a long procession. But by the doorway, in a little nook shaded with shrubs and creepers, there is a group of which I recognize the principal members — the old squire, regarding the scene with dignified complaisance, while at a table sits Hilda, sketching the old gateway, the tower, with its conical roof just touched by golden sunlight, the shadows that hang about the mullioned windows. The grey, time-worn front of the church behind is still bathed in light; there is a solemn kind of pathos about this last little bit still left of the old castle of Valognes.

"But, mademoiselle, you have succeeded admirably," cried an enthusiastic voice from the group. "You have expressed the very sentiment of the scene, and in such a charming manner that I shall treasure this sketch as one of my most precious possessions."

The speaker was a young, handsome fellow, small and slight, but well-built, who hung over Hilda as she worked with quite unnecessary solicitude.

"But he is charming, that young man," said madame la directrice to her husband *sotto voce*. "Do you happen to know him, mon ami?"

"Know him? — yes," exclaimed the director. "This is one of the best of my friends — the young M. de St. Pol."

From The Mail.

#### VACCINATION.

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF RT. HON. SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, P.C., K.C.B., F.R.S.,

IN BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, JUNE 19, 1883.

SIR L. PLAYFAIR said: The charge made against vaccination was twofold — in the first place, that it communicated disease, and in the second that it did not give any protection as against small-pox. With regard to the first of these objections, the question was carefully examined by a committee of the House in 1871, the member for Leicester being himself a zealous member of it. Before this committee one of the military surgeons stated that 153,316 soldiers had been re-vaccinated, and, although syphilis was a common disease among soldiers, not one case had happened where that disease had been thus communicated. They knew that since 1853 seventeen millions of chil-

dren had been vaccinated in this country, and it was very doubtful whether there were three or four specific cases where this disease had ever been produced. (Cheers.) Therefore, though it was possible, it was extremely rare. As to the much more common forms of diseases known as skin diseases, he did not deny that, as the result of the irritation produced, either by teething or by vaccination, skin diseases might occur; but they were very often *post hoc* altogether. One of the policemen of the House came to him last week, and supposing him to be, not a doctor of laws, but a doctor of medicine, said, "I wish to consult you, sir, very much upon a very serious eruption which is all over my body, and produced by revaccination." He replied, "I am interested in that, let me see it." The eruption was certainly decided, and the policeman stated that he had had it about a month. On being then asked when he was revaccinated, the officer replied, "Seven years ago." (Laughter.) It was a case of *post hoc*, and, therefore, it was supposed to be *propter hoc*. But were they to dispense with a remedy which was efficacious over the whole community because a few very rare cases might occur, any more than they were to prohibit the use of anæsthetics because a patient occasionally died under them, or prohibit drinking water because people sometimes got typhoid from using polluted water? (Hear.) After hearing the evidence, the committee in 1871, of which the member for Leicester was a member, declared "there need be no apprehension that vaccination is injurious to health, or communicates disease." The member for Leicester moved the omission of these words and proposed the insertion of the following as an amendment: "That some few cases of disease have been communicated by vaccination, but the danger is so infinitesimal, that, subject to the conditions above mentioned, the committee do not hesitate to express their conviction of the safe character of the operation." (Cheers.)

Then it was said that vaccination had not been protective. Against what disease did we seek protection? Some honorable members seemed to think that, because it was a small disease now, it was not necessary to have protective laws. He would, however, read Sir Thomas Watson's description of this disease: "Small-pox is the most hideous, loathsome, disfiguring, and probably—except hydrophobia—the most fatal also of the

various diseases to which the human body is liable." (Hear, hear.) It was against this disease that we sought protection. Vaccination was not introduced until the beginning of the present century. In 1807, the House of Lords called upon the Royal College of Physicians to report on the subject, and they stated that small-pox, after vaccination, was less violent than it would have otherwise been, and that in most cases it was of a remarkably mild character. That was a precise statement of the knowledge that we had now, as post-vaccinal cases of small-pox were extremely mild in comparison with the former disease. As he had just said, vaccination was introduced at the beginning of this century. Soon an enthusiasm was got up for it, and charitable associations throughout the country spread it gratuitously. Vaccination began to spread rapidly, and after these voluntary agencies had been at work for about forty years, the average rate of morality, which was three thousand per million in the last century, fell to six hundred per million. By the year 1840 it was only one-fifth of what it was in the last century. Then the State began to interfere for the first time, and determined, in accordance with the experience of other countries, to give gratuitous vaccination. That continued from 1841 to 1854, and at the end of that period the average morality had come down to three hundred and five per million. (Hear, hear.) Next, in 1853, the State passed an obligatory act, but no good machinery was provided for carrying out its objects. Still compulsion was the law of the land, and by the end of 1871, the average mortality had fallen from three hundred and five per million to two hundred and twenty-three per million. (Hear, hear.) Then there came our present period from 1871, when a new act was passed obliging Boards of Guardians to appoint vaccination officers. In this period of true compulsion, from 1871 to 1883, the average mortality had been only one hundred and fifty-six per million. (Loud cheers.) That was in England. Scotland and Ireland did not get compulsory vaccination laws till 1863, and they did not come into operation till the following year. The average mortality was much higher there than in England—fifty per cent. in some cases. From 1864 to 1874, which period included a very important epidemic, the rate of mortality in Scotland fell from three hundred and five per million to two hundred and fourteen per million; and from 1875 to 1882 the average was only six per mil-

lion. (Cheers.) Ireland twenty years before 1864 had an average of four hundred and three per million. From 1864 to 1874, a period including a great epidemic, the average was one hundred and eight per million, and from 1875 to 1882 it was only eighty-two per million. (Hear, hear.) He repeated what he had said in a previous debate on this subject, that vaccination had stamped out small-pox in Scotland. Stamping out, it should be remembered, was not the same as keeping out a disease. He derived the expression from the Cattle Plague Commission, of which he was a member. They never supposed that their proposals would keep any great epidemic out of the country, but they said that when it entered the country, these provisions were sufficient to stamp it out. This was exactly what had happened in Scotland with regard to small-pox when that country was visited by the epidemic in 1872-73. Children all over the country were re-vaccinated, and the disease was stamped out. (Cheers.)

Another argument on which his honorable friends laid much stress was that small-pox was not affected by vaccination, but that its diminution was the result of improved sanitation. Now, if sanitation affected smallpox so greatly, it must affect all other diseases equally. But between the period of gratuitous vaccination (1840-1853) and the period of compulsory vaccination (1871-1883) the mortality from small-pox among children under five years of age decreased by eighty per cent., while the mortality among such children from all other diseases decreased by only six per cent. (Hear, hear.) What then became of the argument that the great diminution of small-pox was due to improved sanitation? He would now examine the figures of his honorable friends. They spoke of forty thousand deaths from small-pox in a year, but it should be noted that they confined their attention to periods when great epidemics occurred, and did not take the averages of long periods. (Hear, hear.) He thought that upon the occurrence of epidemics the strongest arguments in favor of vaccination could be founded. Recent advances in science had proved that diseases were due to the growth of minute organisms in the body, and there were good crops and bad crops of these organisms, just as there were good years and bad years for plums, apples, and pears. (Laughter.) Thus there were good and bad years for small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, etc. There were generally three years of bad

crops, and then came a good crop. (Laughter.) There were, he should explain, three kinds of small-pox. In the first kind, the pustules were well separated, and the disease was rarely fatal. In the second kind—namely, confluent small-pox, the pustules ran together. From this disease fifty per cent. of the unvaccinated died, and fifteen per cent. of the vaccinated. The third kind was black or malignant small-pox, which was happily very rare, for ninety-five per cent. of those attacked by it died. Malignant small-pox had only been seen in this country once in the present century. The epidemic which struck us in 1871 arose in France in 1870. Just as when the wars of the Red and White Roses broke out, black death followed in the train of the camps, so did small-pox follow in the train of the Germans and French during the war. The year before the war from thirty-five to forty thousand French soldiers, and 216,426 Prussians soldiers were revaccinated. There was, however, not time to revaccinate a large number of the French recruits who came from Brittany, where small-pox was prevalent, and from other parts of the country. The physician-general of the French army (Dr. Leon Colin) had placed it on record "that the different armies raised in haste and placed in the field without time for revaccination were exposed, both at their places of gathering and in their marches, to the attack of the epidemic." The result was that while 23,499 French soldiers died of small-pox, the mortality among the Germans did not exceed 263 deaths. (Hear, hear.) He had seen it stated in certain papers that the great mortality in the French army caused by small-pox was one of the misfortunes resulting from the siege of Paris. It was the fact, however, that only sixteen hundred deaths from small-pox had occurred in Paris during the entire duration of the siege and therefore it was mere trifling to say that the vast loss of life in the French army caused by this disease was the result of that siege. (Hear, hear.) It had also been stated that the German constitution was less susceptible to the attacks of small-pox than was that of the French, but this assertion had been disproved by the fact that when the epidemic reached Berlin in 1861 large numbers of persons died from its effects. This epidemic having passed through France during the war became pandemic, because it went not only all over Europe, but through North and South America, and extended even to the South Sea

Islands, and it struck this country very severely. Our army at home then consisted of ninety-two thousand men, and, they having all been revaccinated, the disease only killed forty-two men altogether in two years. (Hear.) The mortality among our civilian population reached nine hundred and twenty-eight in the million—or one-third of that of the last century. The pandemic struck London far more heavily than it did the country districts, and the consequence was that the death-rate from this disease in that year was two thousand four hundred and twenty per million, or about half of that of the last century. It might be asked why this disease had attacked London, which might be regarded as being well vaccinated, so severely. It must be remembered, however, that only about ninety-five per cent. of the population were vaccinated, and there were one hundred and ninety thousand of the population unvaccinated, besides those who had been imperfectly vaccinated, and who, therefore, afforded fertile soil for the growth of the small-pox germs. The pandemic which had swept over the whole country in 1871-72, and had passed away, broke out again in London with considerable violence in 1877, and again in 1881, when the death-rate from this disease was six hundred and forty per million—that for the whole country being only one hundred per million.

The anti-vaccinationists asserted that more vaccinated than unvaccinated people were attacked by small-pox. That was perfectly true, but it was capable of an easy explanation. In 1871 there were three million of children under five years of age in the kingdom, and these might be divided into two classes—those who were vaccinated being thirty or forty times more numerous than those who were unvaccinated. The two classes were intermixed, they resided in like houses, they ate like food, and they breathed the same epidemic air. But in the larger class the deaths were only seventeen hundred and eighty, while in the smaller class they were four hundred and thirteen, the rate of mortality from this disease, therefore, being from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty times as large in the smaller class as it was in the larger class. (Hear, hear.) The registrar-general showed that, taking the whole community of this kingdom, there was only one death among the vaccinated for every forty-four among the unvaccinated. (Hear, hear.) The honorable member had asked

how it was that there had been so few deaths from this disease in Leicester during recent years, although the inhabitants had notoriously neglected vaccination. All he could say was that during recent years the deaths from this disease in certain towns had been very small, although during the epidemic of 1871 the number of deaths from small-pox in Leicester was three hundred and thirteen. On this point he would refer to the case of Leipsic, which for eighteen years before 1870 had zealously supported the anti-vaccination movement, and during that period there had only been twenty-nine deaths from small-pox, although vaccination had been greatly neglected in the town. When the pandemic reached Leipsic in 1871 the town had a population of one hundred and seven thousand inhabitants, and the disease attacked one thousand and twenty-seven, or nine thousand six hundred per million, and out of 23,892 children under fifteen years of age, seven hundred and fifteen died, being thirty thousand per million. The statistics of the London epidemic were prepared with great care, and the mortality among the vaccinated was ninety per million, while among the unvaccinated it was three thousand three hundred and fifty per million. In the hospitals forty-five per cent. of the unvaccinated and fifteen per cent. of the vaccinated died. The opponents of vaccination simply exclaimed "Incredible!" and said they did not believe the statistics, which were those of medical men. In America the deaths of the unvaccinated were fifty per cent. in Boston, sixty-four per cent. in Philadelphia, fifty-four per cent. in Montreal, and the mortality among the vaccinated was from fifteen to seventeen per cent.

Opponents sometimes said that small-pox was decreasing naturally, and sometimes that it was increasing in spite of all vaccination. When they said it was decreasing they said other diseases were increasing. Did they wish to go back to the golden age when every human being had small-pox as a precaution against other diseases? (Hear, hear.) Each disease had its specific character, and you might as well expect to produce a rose from a cauliflower or a mastiff from a guinea-pig as erysipelas or cancer from diseased vaccine virus. The increase of bronchitis had no connection with small-pox or vaccination; and erysipelas and scrofula had no relation to the question before them. He admitted that man was mortal. (Laughter.) Take away one

large source of disease and the deaths from others must increase. (Hear, hear.) To say that the increase was owing to vaccination was equal in logic to saying that the few cases of small-pox in Ireland were the cause of the outburst of Fenian assassination. (Laughter.) The foe was still at our doors, and precaution was still necessary. The form of small-pox which reached us in 1871 and 1872 was the same form of it that killed Queen Mary, the wife of William III. Macaulay said, "The plague had visited our shores only once or twice within living memory, but the small-pox was always present, filling the churchyards with corpses, leaving on those whose lives it spared the hideous traces of its power, turning the babe into a changeling at which its mother shuddered, and making the eyes and cheeks of the betrothed maiden objects of horror to the lover." This was the disease; if we allowed it to make headway we must be prepared for the consequences. (Cheers.) It was not less malignant than before; it had only been subdued by vaccination.

What did the personal liberty argument mean? If a man could take small-pox and isolate himself we might have no right to interfere with his doing so. (Hear.) He might burn down a solitary house if that involved no danger to others. But every man with small-pox was a distinct focus of contagion, and must injure the whole community. We did forbid a man injuring himself or others by entering or leaving a railway train in motion. We limited hours of labor. By vaccination we operated upon children who could not protect themselves in order to save them from ommissional infanticide, from the omission of a duty which the parent did not know ought to be performed. The question for the House to decide on the evidence he had laid before it was whether they were prepared at that time to relax all the measures that had been taken, and successfully taken, to mitigate this great disease, and again to allow it to go unchecked throughout the country. (Loud cheers.)

After a few words from Mr. P. Taylor in reply, Sir J. Pease's amendment was withdrawn, and

SIR L. PLAYFAIR moved the following amendment: "That in the opinion of this House the practice of vaccination has greatly lessened the mortality from small-pox, and that laws relating to it, with such modifications as experience may suggest, are necessary for the prevention and mitigation of this fatal and mutilative disease."

The House divided, and the numbers were —

For the amendment	286
Against	16
Majority	—270

The amendment was then put and agreed to.

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From All The Year Round.  
MAORIS AND PAKEHAS.

Now that the Queensland government is probably going to annex New Guinea, I for one hope that they, being so much more within reach, will manage matters better than we, with more than half the world's circumference between us, have been able to do in New Zealand. Our management somehow resulted in Hau-Hau, that terrible travesty of missionary teaching dashed with determination to cling to the land that was slipping from their grasp, which was described in *All the Year Round* some four years ago.

The Maoris were worthy of a better fate. I suppose they must go, though they will leave a good deal of their blood in the veins of the colonists. Mr. Delisle Hay, who talks of New Zealand as "brighter Britain," and is far above any such weakness as "Maoriland for the Maoris," admits that they had arts and industries of no mean kind. Their dwellings, often highly decorated with carving, were far superior to Irish cabins, ay, to too many English cottages.

Their *pahs* were fortified on a system quite equal to that of Vauban. They were careful tillers of the soil; and with nothing but stone axes and shark's-tooth knives, they would cut down the huge kauri pines and shape their war-canoes with an accuracy that would stand the test of geometrical instruments. A canoe with forty or fifty paddles on a side would be driven as fast as a steam-ram or a racing-skiff. Wooden statues, picture-writing on rocks and trees, image amulets, showed strong artistic leanings, though among artists the *mōku* (tattooers) ranked highest. Great was the request in which clever workers were held. Battles were fought to secure possession of them; and of several the poetical biographies are still current. To an Englishman's notions their highest artistic attainment was the making of what are incorrectly called "mats," togas, that is, of flax-fibre, some as soft as silk, some interwoven with

kiwi's feathers, which were stitched in so thickly as to make the fabric look like fur. Such a robe would take several women two or three years to make it, for the kiwi's feathers are almost as thin as coarse hairs.

I for one don't think they have improved. I would far rather see a chief in his toga and mōku than dressed in a bad imitation of our costume. And they do dress nowadays. Mr. Hay tells of a young lady in pale green silk with lace trimmings, panier and train, lace collar and cuffs, pink satin bows, gorgeous cameo brooch, gold watch-chain, and lavender kid gloves. She wore a white hat looped up on one side, trimmed with dark green velvet, and adorned with flowers, a long ostrich feather, and a stuffed humming-bird. She had a huge chignon; a laced parasol in one hand, and a feathery fan in the other; and dainty boots on her little feet.

So long as she was in the settlement this gay beauty wholly ignored all her kindred, walking in solitary grandeur, proud of her "Englishness." But when she got outside, she fell in with two or three old Maori women, as filthy and ugly as such women always are, and before long she had her silk skirts turned up, and was squatting amongst them, enjoying a hearty smoke. Such a lady is not likely to make flax-fibre mats, though she does (in spite of her grand airs) look after her husband's cooking. You will meet her riding by his side in a blue velvet habit, with hat and feather to match, he, too, being considerably "got up," from his white helmet down to his spurred boots; and when, next day, you accept their invitation, and call upon them, you find the fair Amazon in a dirty blanket and nothing else, squatted beside the dinner-pot smoking a short pipe. Her husband, when he comes in, will be angry, but only because she did not do honor to her pakeha guest by appearing in full pakeha costume.

Mr. Hay witnessed a strange and embarrassing ceremony; the husband actually dressed his wife in her best clothes before his very eyes; and when it was done he proudly said: "You come see common Maori, sah? You come find pakeha gentleman, pakeha lady, pakeha house! Good, good. Now you sit talk to my missee; I get pakeha dinner." That is the new style, and somehow it does not seem to have much vitality in it. What I cannot understand is why there should be so few marriages between set-

tlers and natives. Mr. Hay speaks of a girl, "a delicious little brown innocent," who brought her husband ten thousand acres of good rich land; though, on the principle that the land belongs to the tribe, and not to the chief, I do not quite see how that could be. The main drawback is one that was equally felt of old in Ireland and Scotland—you marry your wife's kindred, and they all think they have a right to come and feed upon you in any numbers, and for any length of time. If her tribe was a large one, even the brown innocent's ten thousand acres would not go a very great way.

These dress-stories show that the veneer of civilization is not very solid, and a great deal of the Christianity is only skin-deep. How can it be otherwise, when it is not (like ours) a thing which has been in the blood for over a thousand years, but is far newer than the muskets and the fire-water which have so sadly hastened the decay of the race?

Many a tattooed Christian still believes that the spirits of good men (in old time it was brave chiefs) have a long and toilsome journey to make to the far north, where, from a great projecting rock they leap into the sea and swim across to "Three Kings' Islands," which are the gate of Paradise. Many, too, still hold the ngarara—a beautiful little green lizard—to be awfully tapu. To throw one of these at a man is a deadly insult. Such an act nearly cost Mr. Hay his life. He had a lot of Maoris cutting lines through the bush for land-surveying, including two pious old fellows, Pita (Peter) and Pora (Paul), who used to hold a prayer-meeting every night, and who, by their comic look, their quaint affectation of childishness, and their love of laughter, reminded him of Irish peasants. One day, picking up a ngarara, he held it out to the old men, asking what it was, and threw it, saying "Catch!" when all at once they were transformed into fiends, yelling, dancing, singing their war-song. He thought at first it was a joke; but, just as they were going to fall on him with their axes, a couple of half-breeds hurried him off, crying: "Run for your life!" At night they were all good friends again, and Pita, lying by his side in camp, said: "We should certainly have killed you in our wild passion, and then have been very sorry for it. It's all over now, for we've had time to reflect that, being only an ignorant pakeha, you knew no better. Besides, we are Christians, though we had forgotten that for the moment."

Such an anecdote shows what manner

of men these Maoris are—people who not only weep in church at the pathetic passages, but laugh uproariously at anything in lessons or sermon that tickles their fancy. Mr. Hay has seen a church full of them waving their arms, stamping their feet, grinding their teeth with rage, when the treachery of Judas was being related. To such people Christianity came as a new form of *tapu* (taboo). They were ready for any number of rites and ceremonies, and it was only when they began to read for themselves, and to contrast the teachings of the book with the conduct of the land-grabbing pakehas round them; when, moreover, their implicit faith in the missionary had been weakened by the coming in of rival faiths, each claiming to be the only true way, that they got to be eclectic, giving up the New Testament in its practical portions, and sticking by the Old, because it allowed polygamy and revenge, and strictly forbade the alienation of land.

This *tapu* had many uses. A river was *tapu* at certain seasons, so as to give a close time for fish; a wood was *tapu* when birds were nesting, fruit ripening, or rats (delicacies in the old Maori cuisine) multiplying. To *tapu* a garden answered—till Captain Cook brought in pigs—far better than the strongest fence. A girl, *tapued*, would be as safe amid the wild license of unmarried Maori life as if she had been in a nunnery. *Tapu* was probably never intentionally broken, so weird was the horror which surrounded it. But, in this case, sinning in ignorance was no excuse; and the most furious wars were those which arose from breaking it. The sign of *tapu* was easily set up—a bunch of flax or hair, a bone, a rag on a carved stick, that was enough. To lift it was much harder, needing the intervention of the *tohunga* (priest), who, by muttering incantations, and, above all, by making the tabooed man eat a sweet potato (*kumera*), charmed it away.

Judge Maning, who years ago wrote a book called by his own nickname, "The Pakeha Maori," became *tapu* through an act of humanity. He buried a skull which he saw lying with a number of other bones on the beach. Straightway his companions shrank from him; he had to sit apart at night, the food which they set before him he was to eat without touching, and when he neglected to do so they made off in a body, and warned his household of the plight in which he was coming back. When he got home the place was deserted. He held out for four days, but on

the fifth he was forced to send for the *tohunga*, who made him throw away his clothes and pull down his kitchen.

A very convenient way of forcing the trader's hand in the early days was to put his ship and cargo under *tapu*. This made it impossible for him to sail away, or to have dealings with any one else than the chief who had laid him under this embargo, and who, therefore, at last brought him to his own terms. One can fancy this was a natural way of making reprisals for the fancy prices which, we may be sure, the trader would exact.

Many a massacre of whites was due to an unwitting infringement of the *tapu*; just as if you trespass on Lord Marlshire's covers in breeding-time, you'll find yourself subject to all sorts of pains and penalties, even though your object was the harmless one of plucking a butterfly orchid or a twayblade. The historic massacre of Du Fresne and his crew was brought about by a deliberate breach of *tapu*; and such outrages on native feeling were so dangerous, that Governor Macquarie, of Sydney, in 1813, tried to make every skipper in the New Zealand trade sign a bond for one thousand pounds not to ill-treat Maoris, not to break *tapu*, not to trespass on burial-grounds, not to kidnap men or women. His efforts were fruitless. Maoris were fine, sturdy fellows, and though there was, as yet, no Kanaka labor-market in Queensland, no Queensland at all in fact, a ship that was short-handed was very glad to get some of them on board by any kind of device. The worst thing connected with the carrying off of native women was that the poor creatures were generally put ashore in some other part of the islands, *i.e.*, among enemies. There slavery, or worse, was sure to be their fate. Hence more than one massacre. A captain carried off a chief's daughter, and left her two hundred miles down the coast, where she was made a slave of and finally eaten. What more natural than that the chief and his people should feel deadly hatred against all whites, having, as savages always have, the firm conviction that all whites belong to the same tribe, and therefore ought to suffer for one another's faults? Another cause for bloody reprisals was the treatment of the men who were taken on board. "I'm a chief," said one who was being driven with a rope's end, when incapable through sea-sickness, to some menial work. "You a chief!" scoffingly replied the master of the "Boyd," for that was the name of the ill-fated ship. "When you

come to my count-y you'll find I'm a chief," was the reply. The "Boyd" happened to sail into the harbor of Whargaron, the very place to which the flogged chief belonged. He showed his tribesmen his scored back, and they vowed vengeance, for even a blow to a chief is an insult that can only be wiped out with blood. The captain and part of the crew, leaving some fifty souls in the ship, went ashore to select timber. The Maoris waylaid and murdered them, and, dressing themselves in their victims' clothes, went at dusk to the ship, climbed on board, and killed every one except a woman, her children, and a boy who had been kind to the chief during his distress. The vessel was plundered, and the chief's father, delighted at securing some firearms, snapped a musket over an open barrel of powder and was blown to pieces with a dozen of his men.

Tapu was successfully broken by the early missionaries in the Bay of Islands. One of their settlements was up the Keri-keri River, the tapu of which for fish during the close months was very vexatious to them, for it blocked up their only road to Te Puna, the head station. Stores must be had; and at last, in defiance of tapu, they manned a boat and rowed down, amid the rage and terror of the Maoris, who expected to see them exterminated by the offended *atua* (spirits). When the mission-boat came back it was seized, and the crew bound ready to be slain and eaten. Happily, to eat the stores seemed the proper way of beginning, and these stores were partly tinned meats, jam, etc., and partly drugs. Having greedily devoured the former, the plunderers duly fell upon the latter, finishing off the jalap, castor-oil, salts, and so forth, as part of the ceremony. The result may be guessed. The *mana* of the missionaries began to work mightily, and with grovelling supplications the anguished Maoris released their prisoners and besought relief. The whole tribe was converted. How could they help it? Had not the gods of the stranger proved their superior might by utterly disabling those who had stood forth as the avengers of their own insulted deities?

This was a far different result from that which befell Du Fresne. De Surville, who came while Cook was making his survey, had not left a good impression. He had been most kindly received; his sick, kept ashore by a fearful storm, had been carefully tended. But, after the storm, a boat was missing, and he, think-

ing the natives had stolen it, inveigled the chief on board, put him in irons, and sailed away after destroying the village. The chief pined for his wife and children, and died a few days before De Surville was drowned in the surf off Callao; but the transaction was remembered against the Wee-wees (French). Two years after, Marion du Fresne came to a different part of the island. For a month he and his crew were treated like gods. Then, suddenly, Du Fresne, and sixteen others, were killed and eaten, and Crozet, the second in command, carefully drawing off the sixty survivors, wasted all around with fire and sword, and sailed away, reporting that the massacre was wholly unprovoked, and wishing to name Cook's Bay of Islands Treachery Bay in memory thereof. Not till 1851 did the truth come out. Sir G. Grey was then governor, and hearing that some Frenchmen were shipwrecked on the west coast, he sent Dr. Thompson to help them on to Auckland. Some two hundred natives had gathered to assist the French, and, in the night, Thompson heard old men telling why the Wee-wees had been eaten, twenty years before. Du Fresne had ill-repaid the month's exuberant hospitality. He had cooked food with tapued wood, had cut down trees in which, after Maori custom, the bodies of chiefs were temporarily slung; and when remonstrated with he had put chiefs in irons and burned villages. The French story that it was a relation of the chief carried off by Du Surville who had eaten Du Fresne was wholly wrong. Du Fresne bore his own trespass, and died in his own iniquity (the very word, for it means unfairness). Dr. Thompson was sure, from internal evidence, that the Maoris were telling truth.

*Mana*, by the way, means influence, prestige, authority, good-luck — all these together. It may be possessed by inanimate things; a *mere* (greenstone axe) had *mana*, like Excalibur and other charmed swords. A chief's *mana* waxed or waned as his power grew more or less; and when it left him there would be some portent, like those which ushered in the death of Julius Cæsar or Brutus. Connected with the idea of *mana* was the reverence for rank. The chief was inferior to the head chief or king, who could trace his lineage to the chiefs of the little band which came across from the mythic Hawaiki, and peopled the islands. Chiefs worked at any task, not servile, as hard as their slaves. The slave (often a captive

of noble birth) might by valor and conduct rise to high position. There was no remnant of a servile race, though ethnologists suspect admixture with some melanic people, especially among the few Maoris in Stewart's Land and Middle Island. A white man was valued according to his supposed position; if he was not supposed to be a *rangatira* (nobleman) he was of little account, unless, indeed, he had muskets, the ownership of which gave great mana. Mr. Delisle Hay, in his delightful "Brighter Britain," gives an amusing instance of how a ball-room quarrel was prevented by playing on the Maori feelings about gentility. To a bush ball came a number of Maori belles, and also "Miss City Swell," who had never before been out of Auckland. The latter, whose head was turned by flattery, roundly said that she was disgusted at the attention paid to "those brown wretches," and she would not dance with any one who chose to dance with them. Here was a pretty business! Some kind friend, of course, repeated the injudicious remark to the native girls, and they went off in a body, followed by their brothers and cousins. "They were not going to stay where they were to be insulted in that manner." There they were down by the river, waiting for the turn of the tide to go back to their *kainga* (village). Happily an old colonial came in in time to hear their grievance, and to say: "Ah, poor creature, she's not *rangatira*. It's a pity she gives herself such airs when her parents are only *kukis*." "Oh, if that's it," replied a chorus of sweet voices, "we'll go back. We are ladies, and don't mind what common persons say or do," and so the ball went on.

All these gradations of rank, all this tapu and mana, were kept up by a strong belief in the supernatural. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is that dying through horror at having broken tapu, which reminds one of the voluntary dying so common among the Sandwich Islanders. A chief's slave, a fine, brave fellow, honored by being allowed to fight at his master's side, ate unwittingly after battle some of the chief's food, thus grievously breaking tapu. When told of his trespass he fell ill and was dead in a few hours. The *tohunga* (priest) might be of any rank, or of either sex; some unusual power, ventriloquism, or what among us makes a man able to work a "medium," or what the Scotch call second-sight, marked out the *tohunga*, and a few successful utterances sufficed to make him or her famous.

Ambiguous he was, as a Greek oracle. "A desolate country! a desolate country!" was the reply to a consulting war-party. They went out in high hopes, and were slain to a man. It was their own country that the seer had meant. Judge Maning tells of a spiritualist meeting at which he was present, where a young chief, lately dead, was brought back with such thrilling effect, that his betrothed, in spite of the efforts of her brothers, killed herself that she might go away with him into the spirit world.

Such was the race to which, like a seamist taking solid shape, Cook's ships and crews appeared just one hundred and fourteen years ago. He was not the first; there were French and Spanish tales of a large South land, which may have been Madagascar, certainly was not New Zealand, for the inhabitants used bows and arrows; and then in 1642, Tasman sailed from the great island now known by his name, and anchored in Golden Bay, as it is now called. He never landed; the Maoris came alongside in canoes, and attacked a boat which was passing from one ship to the other. Three Dutchmen were killed, one of whom the natives carried away; Tasman gave them a broadside, shooting down a man who stood in the prow of the foremost canoe holding an ornamental spear, and then sailed away. Cook, the Whitby collier-lad with a craze for mathematics, who forced himself into notice by publishing while on survey off Quebec some observations on an eclipse, took with him his tame Tahitian, Tupia, and landed at Taranga, beginning by shooting a chief who was not to be daunted by several volleys fired over his head. This was on a Sunday; next day, seeing a gathering of chiefs, each with his greenstone mere, he and Sir J. Banks and Dr. Solander took Tupia with them and tried to get up a conference; but Tupia's harangue did not move them to friendship. "Go away," was their reply; "go; what have we to do with you?" Cook offered beads, and iron, of the use of which they knew nothing; but what they wanted were a musket and a hanger, and when these were refused, they became so importunate that one had to be killed and the rest peppered with small shot. But Cook would not be baffled; he tried to seize a canoe's crew, and when they resisted four were killed, and the other three (one a boy of eleven) leaped into the water and were captured. "I am conscious," says Cook, "that the feeling of every reader of humanity will censure me

for having fired on these unhappy people; and it is impossible that on a calm review I should approve it myself."

The three captives, after being consoled by Tupia, were dressed and put ashore, but soon came rushing down beseeching that they might be taken on board again; they had been landed in an enemy's country, and were in fear of being killed and eaten. Even when they were restored to their people it was found impossible to make peace. A chief whom one of the boys claimed as his uncle, took two green boughs, one of which he handed to Tupia, the other he laid on the body of the man who had been shot in the conference, showing plainly that what had begun with killing could not end peaceably. Cook, who sadly wanted provisions, was disappointed and named the place Poverty Bay. Nor had he much better success till he got to Tolago Bay. Here chiefs came on board, fearlessly staying all night; fish and sweet potatoes were readily provided; Sir J. Banks was allowed to botanize unchecked; a war dance was got up in the visitors' honor. "We have found the terra australis incognita," was the feeling of all on board, and what most astonished the scientific men was the exceeding neatness of the Maori sanitary arrangements. "Their gardens," writes Banks, "are as well tilled as those of the most curious people among us. This place Cook called the Bay of Plenty; and thence he sailed about, surveying, ascertaining that Middle Island was cut off from its northern sister, peppering impudent chiefs with small shot, patting children on the head (this was remembered of him by a chief who was alive in 1850 — Maoris are sometimes very long-lived), admiring the skill with which the pahs were fortified, taking possession of the whole land in King George's name, leaving pigs and fowls (which multiplied), sheep and goats (these disappeared), and potatoes — far more innutritious fare (though of easier cultivation) than the fern root or the sweet potato. He thought them a fine race, not without chivalrous feeling. He was right; in bitterest war, if the men of a besieged pah had eaten up their food, their foes would give them some, while, as to drink, they were of the same mind as Duke Robert when Henry proposed to force William to surrender by cutting off his water-supply. I have often wondered, when going over a British pah, on the Wiltshire downs or the Cornish moors, and finding no trace of a well, whether the same courtesy went

on here in old days; whether Icenian would allow Catyeuchlanian to come out and fill his water-vessels and go inside his defences unharmed. The gentlemanly bearing, too, of the Maoris impressed Cook as it must impress everybody, that is, until in manners and feeling they are degraded down to the level of the mean whites, who for more than a century were the chief pioneers of civilization among them.

That such a race should be doomed seems very hard, and harder still that the doom should be wholly due to the white man. Evil diseases (brought in before Cook's day, by some unknown ship, probably lost on her way home), drink, and above all firearms, did the work.

The exterminating effect of the latter cannot be measured without knowing how Hongi, determining to make himself in Maori land what King George was in Britain, brought in firearms, and shot down his countrymen wholesale. With us gunpowder has, perhaps, made war less deadly; with the Maoris it is quite the reverse, for the killing did not cease when one tribe was beaten. It went on to the bitter end, the musket giving fearful power. But of this and of the after fortunes of the island by-and-by. In these days of dear meat, one can scarcely know too much about a country where there are twenty-seven sheep per head to every inhabitant.

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From The Spectator.

#### ANIMAL LIFE IN THE MALAY COUNTRY.

SUPPOSING that one possessed Prince Hassan's carpet, the tree of inexhaustible fruit, the flask of unfailing water, and the cloak of invisibility, so that one might travel in any region of this planet at choice, and be under no sort of bondage or obligation to the human race, the Malay country would be one of the best possible fields for the exercise of such a privilege. There are wondrous things to be seen in the great forest tracts, where man has not yet intruded, and the animal world leads its life unpersecuted (from the outside) in the jungle and the river; where birds, insects, and reptiles have their home in the trees, the air, and the swamps; where flowers more beautiful than any that deck our brides or die in our ball-rooms, mysterious of form, and lavish of growth, drape the giant palms and hang festoons of bells and feathers over the

dark, swarming waters. It would be pleasant to pry, unseen, and with no need of protection, into the forest-covered interior of the great peninsula, where gigantic pachyderms, looking like monsters of the far past, roam; to see the huge elephant, the one-horned rhinoceros, little-eyed and of enormous weight; the tapir, quite slender and delicate by comparison, and the wild hog, progenitor of all pork, but who does not come to the scraped and pallid complexion of his descendants, because true Malays will not eat him; and with these a solitary plantigrade, that wistful-faced bear, who wants "back" among the feline and four-handed tribes, and no doubt, like Mrs. Todgers, finds it hard to live. It would be pleasant to watch the ways of this small creature, with its close fur, sensitive nozzle, and narrow, grasping paws, tenacious and miser-like. The Malay buffalo is bigger than the Chinese and Indian varieties, a greyish-pink in color, hairless, probably stupid, but happily less ill-treated than his "explored" brethren, because he has not men to hunt and torture him, but only tigers, and at least it is soon over when the leopard makes a paralyzing spring upon him, or the royal or the spotted black tiger (with the true stripes traceable in certain lights upon his shining, jet-black skin) stalks him and brings him down, fresh and happy from his mud-bath. It would take a long time to exhaust the forest folk; for there are the civet, Java, and several other "cats," the musang and the climbing musang, and the water-dog, known to us as the land otter, an astute creature, with (at least as seen in captivity) a remarkably preoccupied and selfish expression of countenance. This, perhaps, is incidental to life in "gardens," where food is not a fixed, but an arbitrary quantity, and all the excitement and suspense of existence concentrate themselves in one fateful moment, monotonously marked by the advent of a man with a fork and a barrow. And there are four species of deer, two smaller than a hare—gentle creatures that might be, and probably are, pets of the seraglio—one a noble animal, as large as the elk; wild goats, free, happy, and hairy; and bison, but these are not numerous. It would be "fine" to see the lives of these creatures; their wars, their truces, their strategy, their domesticity, and to observe the demeanor towards them of their superiors, the four-handed race, of whom there are nine kinds in the Malay peninsula, besides two apes, very curious and disconcerting animals,

and a lemur, with the beautiful, bright eyes, that cannot bear the light, peculiar to the sloth tribe. Of course, the monkeys are the men of those unexplored forest regions, the superior persons who would resent the aping of their ways by clothed intruders, and say, with Gay's travelled Jacko, if they were ever tempted out of their safe "wilderness,"—

I vow 'tis a disgusting sight,  
To see men always bolt upright;  
Because we sometimes walk on two,  
I hate the imitative crew.

Their brethren who outranged the forest fastnesses and fell into the hands of men, have they not been chained up, and taught, it may be, by that terrible instructor, hunger, to use their agile limbs and dexterous hands in the gathering of the kindly fruits for other consumption than their own, and have not the bonds of servitude descended to the children of these stragglers? One would like to see that clever service done, too; but how much better to behold, on the jungly banks of the Lingi River, in the midst of a scene at once of activity and stillness, with colossal flowering trees, green twilight, inextricable involvement, with brilliant birds, jewel-like lizards, weird, uncanny flying foxes, and huge saurians basking on shiny banks under the mangroves, the free creatures, sitting in groups, hanging by hands or tails, leaping, grimacing, jabbering, pelting each other with fruit, and, no doubt, perfectly alive to the intellectual inferiority of all other forest folk. And then, to see the home of the monkey-man,—the wondrous river-side forest, where the great bamboo towers in its feathery grace, and the rattan creeps along the ground, and then, climbing the trees, knots them together with tough, tangled strands, for it may be twelve hundred feet of fantastic bondage, and the bound and loose alike are loaded with trailers, ferns, and orchids, so splendid and so rare that to have seen one of them once, in costly extradition to some gorgeous mansion here, is a thing to be remembered! There the "audacious liana," with great clusters of orange or scarlet blossoms, flings itself on several trees at once, or a trailer leaps across the river from tree to tree—the agile monkey of the plant world—and from a height of a hundred feet dangles the festoons of gorgeous blossoms, in which myriads of fairies must surely sleep in the tropical daytime, so as to be fresh for the dancing, with moths and dragon-flies and butterflies, when the

cool evening comes. There is no lack of partners for the elfin beauties, "trooping all together," for the butterflies swarm in countless thousands in the forest openings, and their variety is endless. It would be pleasant to see a butterflies' ball, opened by the queen of the fairies with such a gallant cavalier as either of those that Miss Bird saw in the Pass of Bukit Berapit, when all around was light and color, the morning hymn of birds, and the sound of crystal waters: "The upper part of the body of one of them, and the upper side of its wings, of jet-black velvet, and the lower half of its body and the under side of its wings of peacock-blue velvet, spotted; another of the same 'make,' but with gold instead of blue; and a third with the upper part of the body and wings of black velvet, with cerise spots, the lower part of the body cerise, and the under side of the wings white, with cerise spots. All these measured fully five inches across their expanded wings." One thinks joyfully of these creatures, for they were not netted and impaled, but left to the happy little life their Creator meant them for, unperturbed to the base uses of the "specimen."

If one should spread Prince Hassan's carpet in the jungle where the elephants are at home, or by the river-side, where the trackless mangrove swamps begin, and the alligator basks; where the turtle, the tortoise, and many kinds of lizards pursue their peaceful ways, and the deadliest of the serpent tribe wind their beautiful but horrid forms through the slimy recesses, what strange sights one would see, and how curious an impression one would receive of an entire department of nature in which man is of no account at all, not wanted or missed in its economy! And how solemn an experience would the night be — not terrible, because the cloak of invisibility is always understood — with the awful, still forest, the note of that grand night bird, the argus pheasant, which is said to resemble the cry of the wild man of the interior, the sounds of fierce gambols, of pursuit and capture, hunter and victim, and the plunging of elephants come down to drink! And then, with sunrise, the change would be like that which followed the arrival of the prince who awakened the sleeping beauty with a kiss, and whom we are — quite ineffectually — bidden by modern un wisdom to believe was the sun himself. "Loudly chatted the busy cicada, its simultaneous din, like a concentration of the noise of all the looms in the world,

suddenly breaking off into a simultaneous silence; the noisy insect world chirps, cheeps, buzzes, whistles; birds, halloo, hoot, whoop, screech; apes, in a loud and not inharmonious chorus, greet the sun; monkeys chatter, yell, hoot, quarrel, and splutter. Occasionally, some heavy fruit, over-ripe, falls into the river with a splash." Now, if we were willing to lay aside the cloak of invisibility for a while, and let the human sentiment of surprise in upon monkeymanity, would swarms of agile creatures come down on living "monkey-ropes" from the feather-crested trees, to inspect, upside-downedly, the "despiseable" intruder, incapable of even elementary climbing, and deplorably deficient in chatter?

If, like Ingoldsby's "Sir Thomas the Good," one's taste points insect-wise, there is much (in addition to the "tiger" and the "night" mosquito) to gratify it in the Malay country, where moths of such surpassing beauty that neither jewel nor flower can compete with them abound; and notably the wonderful atlas, measuring ten inches across its wings; where multitudes of beautiful little creatures live upon the myriad leaves, and the dark nights are illuminated by the flashing of fireflies, moving in undulations like the phosphoric waves of the sea. Glancing through the jungle openings, we should see sun-birds, rivaling the colors of those living jewels, the humming-birds; and on the river banks large kingfishers, arrayed in the glory of their matchless blue plumage; while the forest trees are studded with green paroquets, coral-beaked, and the jungle tracks are trodden by the stately argus, the gallant and bellicose jungle-cock, and the Java peacock, with its exquisite, iridescent green feathers. Here is a glimpse of what the waters would reveal to us: "Multitudes of fish of brilliant colors, together with large medusæ, dart or glide through the sunlit waters among the coral groves, where every coral spray is gemmed with zoophytes, whose rainbow-tinted arms sway with the undulations of the water, and where sea snakes writhe themselves away into the recesses of coral caves."

The ordinary traveller might possibly get too much tiger, especially in Malacca, where a black one (perhaps a panther) came down the principal street early one morning, and made its *chota hazree* of a Chinaman; and up in Lingat, where the windows of the bungalow in which Miss Bird resided had to be closed, on account of an adjacent tiger, "whose growling was

most annoying;" but the tiger at home would be a great sight,—from an earth-skimming balloon, or Prince Hassan's carpet. As in Corea, so in the Malay peninsula, the tiger is an object of great dread and reverence. The Malays speak of these animals in whispers only, believing that souls of men departed dwell in them; and in some places they will not kill a tiger, unless he is a very *mauvais sujet* indeed. The Malay's version of the wehr-wolf myth is that some men are tigers by night and men by day. They wear tigers' claws to avert disease, use the liver, dried and pounded, as a medicine, which is worth twice its weight in gold, and set the centre of the "terrible eyeballs" in gold rings to be worn as charms. Whether one liked or did not like the ape as an inmate would regulate one's enjoyment of the domestication of that animal in the Malay country, but that it is a wonderful creature is not to be denied. The Malays are passionately fond of pets, and of all the nice things which travellers and residents in their peninsula have told us of this interesting people, nothing is more charming than this testimony of Miss Bird's: "They have great skill in taming birds and animals. Doubtless, their low voices, and gentle, supple movements, never shock the timid sensitiveness of brutes. Besides this, Malay children yield a very ready obedience to their elders, and are encouraged to invite the confidence of birds and beasts, rather than to torment them."

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE CHARM OF FICTION.

WHEN Lord Beaconsfield's Madame Phœbus expresses her belief that nothing in the newspapers is ever true, her sister adds: "And that is why they are so popular, the taste of the age being so decidedly for fiction." So decidedly, indeed, that we wonder a society for the suppression of fiction has not been started by those who deem romance-reading to be a vile, pernicious indulgence. Perhaps the Gradgrinds are in the right. It may be foolish, it may be wrong, to waste one's sympathy on the joys and sorrows of imaginary heroes and heroines; but those who do so have the consolation of sinning in an admirable company of poets, priests, and philosophers; of men who write history, and men who make it.

Little though we know about him, we

know that Shakespeare read the romances of his time, and turned his reading to account, much to the world's profit. Byron enjoyed anything in the shape of a story without regard to its literary merit. Coleridge detested "fashionable" novels; but he heartily admired the robust productions of Marryat and the author of "Tom Cringle's Log." Crabbe was not at all particular as to style or subject, and rarely let a day pass without devoting an hour or two to novel-reading. Leigh Hunt, too, owns to a gluttonous appetite of the same kind, his taste being so catholic, that he goes into raptures over the exquisite refinement of heart exhibited in the Chinese novel "*In Kiao-Li*," when sending it to his friend Dr. Southwood Smith, winding up his eulogium with: "The notes marked T. C. are by Carlyle, to whom I lent it once, and who read it with delight."

Gray, who was fond of novels, thus wrote of them: "However the exaltedness of some minds—or rather, as I shrewdly suspect, their insipidity and want of feeling or observation—may make them insensible to these light things, I mean such as paint and characterize nature, yet surely they are as weighty, and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind and the passions, and what not." Cowper held novelists to be writers of drivelling folly; but even he confessed that the "Arabian Nights" afforded himself and Lady Hesketh a fund of merriment, never to be forgotten.

Writing in her old age, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu tells her daughter she is reading an idle tale; not expecting wit or truth in it, but thankful it is not metaphysics, to puzzle her judgment, or history, to mislead her opinion. Mrs. Thrale's daughter liked her judgment to be puzzled, loving metaphysical works better than romances. Dr. Johnson pronounced her choice as laudable as it was uncommon, but would have had her like what was good in both. Johnson himself, in this matter, preached as he practised.

Although the prince consort declared he should be sorry that his son should look upon the reading of a novel, even one of Scott's, as a day's work, yet he thought his tutor should allow him to read a good novel, as an indulgence. For himself, novels of character, rather than incident, had an irresistible charm. The early masterpieces of George Eliot took great hold of Prince Albert's imagination and memory, and he delighted in quoting Mrs. Poyser,

whenever apt occasion offered. So highly did he appreciate "Adam Bede," that he sent a copy to Baron Stockmar. "It will amuse you," wrote the prince, "by the fulness and variety of its studies of human character. By this study, your favorite one, I find myself every day more and more attracted." After reading Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," the prince wrote to his daughter the princess Victoria: "The poet is only great by reason that he is great as a philosopher. 'Two Years Ago,' a book which you, I think, have read, has given me great pleasure, by its profound knowledge of human nature, and insight into the relation between man, his actions, his destiny, and God."

Many statesmen and politicians have wooed and won forgetfulness of public cares in the pages of a novel. Fox, Burke, and Canning loved fiction wisely and well. Guizot acknowledged to a weakness for novel-reading, preferring above all others the stories written by Englishwomen, and comparing Miss Austen and her successors to the galaxy of dramatic poets of the great Athenian age; while Sir William Molesworth found foreign novels more to his liking, and was never tired of perusing them. Fenimore Cooper's imaginative portrayals of Indian life had a never-fading charm for President Adams; while Daniel Webster was all for Charles Dickens, and enthusiastically told his countrymen that his favorite author had wrought more good in England than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament.

Even novelists themselves have been keen devourers of works of fiction, not for the sake of gathering hints therefrom, but out of pure love for such reading. Scott could not leave a word unread of a book with a story in it; he was a devout worshipper of Miss Edgeworth; and declared Jane Austen's talent for describing the involvement, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, was the most wonderful thing he ever met with. He could, he said, "do the big bow-wow business himself with any one; but the exquisite touch which rendered commonplace things and commonplace characters interesting was beyond his powers." Washington Irving deprived his nights of sleeplessness of their tediousness by the aid of Anthony Trollope. Miss Mitford never lost her love for the romances of her youth. As a boy Dickens revelled in "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote;" and in his manhood he read Hawthorne with delight, and had plenty of praise for George Eliot.

Mrs. Radcliffe and Miss Porter were the beloved romancers of Thackeray's young days. "O 'Scottish Chiefs,'" exclaims he, "did we not weep over you? O 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' didn't I and Briggs Minor draw pictures of you?" Smollett and Fielding were so much to Thackeray's mind, that he held even their imitators dear; but his love for bygone novels did not prevent him appreciating those of his contemporaries. He pronounced the production of the "Christmas Carol" to be not only a personal kindness to every man and woman reading it, but a national benefit; a compliment Octave Feuillet would not have deemed at all extravagant, holding as he did that good novels and pure novels went hand in hand in the history of nations; a good novel often exercising the functions of a literary thunderstorm, clearing the atmosphere of noxious vapors, and turning the thoughts of a misguided people into better channels. No wonder the enthusiastic Frenchman pitied the young ladies of ancient days, and thought they must have had a dull time of it, with only the hexameters of Virgil and Ovid to satisfy their craving for literary recreation. Yet there are people who think the writing of a novel something of which a man should be ashamed. "Haven't you written a novel?" asked a Taunton voter of the opponent of a newly appointed official, eliciting the stinging reply: "I hope there is no disgrace in having written that which has been read by thousands of my fellow-countrymen, and which has been translated into every European language. I trust that one who is an author by the gift of nature, may be as good a man as one who is master of the mint by the gift of Lord Melbourne." What manner of novels the author of "Vivian Grey" wrote is known to most.

Literary preferences, like love preferences, are unexplainable. We like because we like. Macaulay's biographer says of him that the day on which he detected, in the dark recesses of a Holborn bookstall, some trumpery romance that had been in the Cambridge circulating library in the year 1820, was a date marked with a white stone in his calendar. He exulted over the discovery of a wretched novel called "Conscience," which he owned to be execrable, as triumphantly as if it had been a first folio edition of Shakespeare with an inch and a half of margin. "Why is it?" he asks in his diary, "that I can read twenty times over the trash of —, and that I cannot read Bulwer's works? It is odd; but of

all writers of fiction who possess any talent at all, Bulwer, with very distinguished talent, amuses me least." Bulwer, however, conquered him once, for he sets down: "On my journey through the Pontine Marshes, I finished Bulwer's 'Alice.' It affected me much, and in a way which I have not been affected by novels these many years. Indeed, I generally avoid all novels which are said to have much pathos. The suffering which they produce is to me a very real suffering, and of that I have quite enough without them." Theodore Hook relished nothing better with his wine than novels of a serious cast; and was so fond of "Gil Blas," that he made a point of reading it every year. He would cross-examine Sir Henry Holland's children in the most minute details respecting Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Byron, and could have done the same with regard to the "Pride and Prejudice" series, of which he said there were no compositions in the world approaching so near to perfection; a eulogium Whately and Whewell would readily have indorsed.

Bishop Thirlwall's greatest pleasure was reading a novel in an open carriage while travelling. Dr. Hook was ready to read one anywhere and under any conditions. Mackintosh soothed himself "before court" and refreshed himself after it by reading "The Old Manor House;" and so dreaded arriving at the end of De Staël's "Corinne," that he prolonged his enjoyment by swallowing it slowly that he might taste every drop. Sir William Hamilton preferred novels of the Radcliffe type; while Mary Somerville in the sunset of life spent her evenings over conversational stories, "her tragic days being over;" in accordance with Mr. Froude's dictum, that as we grow old, the love-agonies of the Fredericks and Dorotheas cease to be absorbing, as the possibilities of such excitements for ourselves have set below the horizon, and painful experience of the realities of weekly bills and rent-day induce us to take the parental view of the situation. "A novel which can amuse us in middle life," he says, "must represent such sentiments, such actions, and such casualties as we encounter after we have cut our wise-teeth, and have become ourselves actors in the practical drama of existence. The taste for romance is the first to disappear. Truth alone permanently pleases; and works of fiction which claim a place in literature must introduce us to characters and situations which we recognize as familiar."

But Mr. Froude notwithstanding, it is not only young imaginations that yield to the beguilements of romance. Eldon was as interested in sentimental stories when he had gained the goal of his ambition, as when he was young enough and romantic enough to compass a runaway marriage. To the last, Romilly delighted in the romances of Charlotte Smith. Jeffrey was well on in years when he cried over Paul Dombey's death, blessed Paul's creator for the purifying tears he shed, and declared he had been in love with him "ever since little Nell," and did not care who knew it. Nor was Daniel O'Connell a callow youth when he vowed never to forgive Dickens for killing the heroine of the "Old Curiosity Shop." It must, however, be conceded that Dickens possessed a power of raising a personal attachment for his characters that was unique.

From The Academy.

#### A CONTEMPORARY NOTICE OF GAINSBOROUGH.

Ipswich: July 24, 1883.

IN searching the files of the *Ipswich Journal* for some particulars as to the picture referred to in my letter in the *Academy* of July 21, I came upon the following brief history of Gainsborough. From Sir Philip Thicknesse's "Life of Gainsborough" we learn that the then proprietor and editor of the *Ipswich Journal* was an intimate friend of the great artist; and, as the subjoined article was in all probability written by him, it will have a special value and interest at the present day. The extract is *verbatim* from the *Ipswich Journal* of August 9, 1788.

WM. KING.

*Memoirs of the late Mr. Gainsborough, the celebrated painter who died on Saturday last, aged 61, of a cancer in his Neck, caught by a Cold a few months since, whilst attending Mr. Hastings's Trial.*

Mr. Gainsborough was born at Sudbury in Suffolk, in the year 1727: his father, on his outset in life, was possessed of a decent competency; but a large family, and a liberal heart, soon lessened his wealth to a very humble income. The son, of whom we speak, very early discovered a propensity to painting: Nature was his teacher and the woods of Suffolk

his academy; here he would pass in solitude his mornings, in making a sketch of an antiquated tree, a marshy brook, a few cattle, a shepherd and his flock, or any other accidental objects that were presented. From delineation, he got to coloring; and after painting several landscapes from the age of ten to twelve, he quitted Sudbury in his thirteenth year, and came to London, where he commenced portrait painter; and from that time never cost his family the least expense. The person at whose house he principally resided, was a silversmith of some taste; and from him he was ever ready to confess he derived great assistance. Mr. Gravelot the engraver was also his patron, and got him introduced at the Old Academy of the Arts, in St. Martin's Lane. He continued to exercise his pencil in London for some years, but marrying Mrs. Gainsborough when he was only nineteen years of age, he soon after took up his residence at Ipswich; and after practising there for a considerable period, went to Bath, where his friends intimated his merits would meet their proper reward. His portrait of Quin the actor, which he painted at Bath about thirty years since, will ever be considered as a wonderful effort in the portrait line.

The high reputation which followed, prompted him to return to London, where he arrived in the year 1774; after passing a short time in town not very profitably, his merits engaged the attention of the King. Among other portraits of the Royal Family, the full length of his Majesty at the Queen's house will ever be viewed as an astonishing performance. From this period, Mr. Gainsborough entered into a line which afforded a becoming reward to his superlative powers. All our living Princes and Princesses have been painted by him, the Duke of York excepted, of whom he had three pictures bespoken; and, among his later performances, the head of Mr. Pitt, and several portraits of that gentleman's family, afforded him gratification. His portraits will pass to futurity with a reputation equal to that which follows the pictures of Vandyke; and his landscapes will establish his name on the record of the fine arts, with honors such as never before attended a native of this isle.

He was frequently fond of giving a little rustic boy or girl a place in his landscapes: some of these possess wonderful beauty: his *Shepherd's Boy*, the *Girl and Pigs*, the *Fighting Boys and Dogs*, the *one with Figures* in Sir Peter Burrell's

possession, and several others of a like description, give him a very peculiar character as an artist over every other disciple of the pencil. The landscape of the *Woodman in the Storm*, finished about eighteen months since, and now at his rooms in Pall Mall, for expression, character, and beautiful coloring, is of inestimable worth. His Majesty's praises of this picture made Mr. Gainsborough feel truly elate; and the attention of the Queen, who sent to him soon after, and commissioned him to paint the Duke of York, were circumstances that he always dwelt upon with conscious pleasure and satisfaction.

His mind was most in its element while engaged in landscape. These subjects he painted with a faithful adherence to Nature; and it is to be noticed they are more in approach to the landscapes of Rubens, than those of any other master. At the same time we must remark, his tree, foreground, and figures, have more force and spirit; and we add, the brilliancy of Claude and the simplicity of Ruysdael appear combined in Mr. Gainsborough's romantic scenes. The few pictures he attempted that are stiled seapieces, may be recurred to in proof of his power in painting water; nothing certainly can exceed them in transparency and air. But he is gone! and while we lament him as an artist, let us not pass over those virtues which were an honor to human nature! Let a tear be shed in affection for that generous heart, whose strongest propensities were to relieve the claims of poverty, wherever they appeared genuine! If he selected, for the exercise of his pencil, an infant from a cottage, all the tenants of the humble roof generally participated in the profits of the picture; and some of them frequently found in his habitation a permanent abode. His liberality was not confined to this alone,—needy relatives and unfortunate friends were further incumbrances on a spirit that could not deny; and owing to this generosity of temper, we fear, that affluence is not left to his amiable family, which so much merit might promise, and such real worth deserve.

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From All The Year Round.  
IN AN OLD PALACE.

"YES, darling, I will rest awhile  
Upon this ancient window-seat,  
This wide old-fashioned, brown recess,  
And watch the pictured loveliness

That decks the chamber round ;  
Each gay grand lady's courtly smile.  
Her full free glance of witchery sweet,  
And curling tresses all unbound.

"Or I will wander soft and slow,  
As suits me best, from room to room,  
Again to ponder, as I trace  
The features of Lovola's face,  
The secret of his power.  
Or mark the veiled pathetic woe  
In Charles's eyes, that spake of doom  
Before the storm began to lower.

"But go thou, sweetest, gaily out,  
And sun thyself this sunny day,  
Go find again thy favorite nook  
Where, babbling like a country brook,  
Great Thames goes plashing by ;  
Or roam the wide old place about  
In thine own mood, in thine own way,  
And smile beneath the azure sky.

"Go forth and banish from thine eyes,  
The haunting shade that vexes me,  
Go forth and lose thy childish care  
Among sweet things of earth and air,  
Blown flower and changing leaf.  
Let girlish laughter quench thy sighs,  
Let Nature's balsam comfort thee,  
Go to, thou dost but play at grief."

We part, she passes from my sight,  
Adown the wide, time-trodden stair,  
Her foot's faint echo dies away ;  
Ah me ! it seems but yesterday  
My little girl was born,  
But yesterday, a snowdrop white  
She blossomed in the wintry air  
Of wedded life, long past its morn.

Of wedded life where love was not,  
Or not such love as once I knew !  
Poor girl, poor wife ! I tried my best  
To drive that image from my breast,  
And keep me true to thee.  
But love had made and marred my lot  
Before we met, and one less true  
Than thou, had changed the world for me.

And yet, perhaps she did but yield  
To father's threat and mother's art ;  
She might have purposed to be true,  
Perhaps—perhaps—I never knew—  
Our parting was so swift.  
Love one day ours, and all life's field  
A-bloom with hope—then forced apart  
By wider widths than death's drear drift.

Then I went mad, and mocked at life,  
And jeered at all its precious things,  
At manhood's faith, and woman's truth,  
And spilled the ruddy wine of youth  
With wilful, wasteful hand.  
I stood with all the world at strife,  
Till life was poisoned at its springs,  
And clogged with dust, and choked with sand.

But in the end there came to me  
An angel in a woman's guise,

She touched my wounds with balm divine,  
She poured therein love's oil and wine,  
And closed my heart's wide rent.  
My love was dead, but I was free,  
And could be faithful. Was it wise ?  
God knows ; she said she was content.

And I was faithful, if one call  
That faith, which no desires assail ;  
I could not give her love for love,  
But still, I held her far above  
Her younger, lovelier peers.  
And when, in aftertime, the call  
Of death came with an infant's wail,  
God knows I made her grave with tears.

But ah, the babe ! the little child !  
The wailing, wee, unmothered one,  
How closely to my heart hath crept  
The daughter since the mother slept !  
She is my own, my own,  
The one clean thing and undefiled,  
Life holds for me beneath the sun,  
And she is mine—as yet—alone.

I look from out my window-seat,  
To see my dainty daughter pass ;  
Fair as the world's first morning time,  
Just rounding to the tender prime  
Of girlish blossoming.  
A sight that makes my old heart beat ;  
She stands like Flora on the grass,  
By the white statue of the Spring.

And must I lose her ? Can I give  
My tender maiden from my side ?  
And to his son—mine ancient foe,  
The man who wronged me years ago ?  
My daughter, it is hard !  
How much the heart can bear, and live,  
How much forego of hate and pride,  
Lest its one darling's life be marred.

Fate wills it so, my little dove,  
I will not part thy love from thee ;  
His noble face is full of truth,  
The unspent heritage of youth  
Lies yet within his hand.  
The father took my early love,  
The son will take my child from me,  
Nor sire nor son could I withstand.

Ah well, he hath his mother's face,  
And his dear mother's grave is green,  
And since the father, too, lies low,  
And since the wrong was long ago,  
My heart says, "I forgive."  
The lad is worthy of our race,  
His heart is brave, his hands are clean.  
If love be life, then let them live.

She glides across the oaken floor,  
And in the ancient doorway stands :  
I look around the pictured wall,  
No stately lady of them all  
Hath charms so rarely blent.  
And one comes with her through the door  
With eager eyes and outstretched hands,  
Her lover. Child, I am content.